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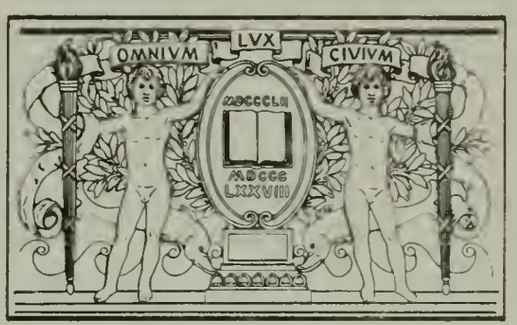

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1687 # WATTS 1975

Ancestry and Descendants of

Ridley Watts

by

Harriet Mott Stryker-Rodda

1687 # WATTS 1975

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Ridley Watts

by

Harriet Mott Stryker-Rodda

Certified Genealogist

19 75

POLYANTHOS
New Orleans

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Ridley Watts
H. Stryker-Rodda

F O R E W O R D

It will be noticed that this family history is not fully documented. The sponsor, Ridley Watts, asked that "the flow of history and its influence on the Watts family line be evident and the book ...a more readable narrative than straight genealogical data." To partially compensate for the lack of documentation, a list of sources consulted is included.

It is hoped that not only the objective of the sponsor will have been accomplished, but that the volume will be genealogically useful as well, once again proving that history and genealogy are not only compatible, but that they depend upon each other for complete understanding of the past.

Harriet Mott Stryker-Rodda
Certified Genealogist

South Orange, N.J.
1975

SOURCES NOT MENTIONED IN THE TEXT

History of the City of New York by Martha J. Lamb. N.Y. 1877

Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York by E. B. O'Callaghan

Iconography of Manhattan Island, by Isaac Newton Phelps-Stokes

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History of the Watts Family by Thomas Kearney, 1931. Manuscript in possession of Ridley Watts

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Old New York and Trinity Church, in New York Historical Society Collections, 1870

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Officers of the United States Navy and Marine Corp 1775-1900

The Records of Living Officers of the U.S. Navy and Marine Corp, by Lewis Randolph Hammersly. 4th ed. 1890

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Newport, R. I., vital records

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Who Was Who in America, 1897-1942

History of Maryland, by J. Thomas Scharf, reprint 1967

History of Baltimore City and County, by J. Thomas Scharf, Philadelphia, 1881

Collections of the Maryland Historical Society

Records in the Annapolis Hall of Records

Chronicles of Baltimore by J. Thomas Scharf, Baltimore. 1874

Collected Papers of the Ridley Family at Massachusetts Historical Society

DESCENDANTS OF ROBERT WATT(S) and MARY NICOLL

ROBERT WATT
b.c. 1677 Edinburgh, Scotland
d. 21 Sept. 1750, N.Y.C.
m. 28 Dec. 1705

MARY NICOLL, daughter of William Nicoll and his wife Ann Van Rensselaer
bap. 6 Oct. 1689

- **Ann** 1707-1724
- **Margaret** 1707-1724
- **Mary** 1713-1736, m. Capt. Riggs
- **JOHN[2] Watts** b. 5 Apr. 1715, d. 15 Aug. 1789, m. July 1742 — m. Anne DeLancey, daughter of Stephen and Anne (Van Cortlandt) DeLancey, b. 23 Apr. 1723, d. 3 July 1775
  - **ROBERT[3] WATTS** b. 23 Aug. 1743, d. 14 Sept. 1814, m. 1775 — m. Lady Mary Alexander, dau. of Wm. Alexander, Lord Stirling, and Sarah Livingston, b. Apr. 1749; d. 1831
    - **Ann** b. 1775, d.y.
    - **John** b. 1776, d.y.
    - **Sarah Maria** b. 1778, m. twice, d. s. p.
    - **Anna** b. 22 Jan. 1780, d. 2 May 1835, m. 21 Dec. 1803 John Watts Kearny
    - **Catharine** b. 1782, m. Henry Barclay
    - **Susanna Frances** b. 1782/3, d. young
    - **John, M.D.** b. 1786, c. 4 Feb. 1831, m. Anna Rutherford
      - **ROBERT[4] WATTS** b. 19 Sept. 1784, d. 4 Sept. 1850, m. June 1811 — m. Matilda Frances Sherborne Ridley, dau. of Matthew Ridley and his wife Catharine Livingston, b. 19 Nov. 1789 ; d. 3 Jan. 1862
        - **ROBERT[5] WATTS, M.D.** b. 31 Aug. 1812, d. 8 Sept. 1867, m. 7 July 1836 — m. Charlotte Deas, daughter of Wm. Allen Deas and Anne Izard, b. 22 Jan. 1809; d. 23 Jan. 1868
        - **Alexander** b. 15 May 1815, d. 8 Nov. 1860, m. 23 Apr. 1849 Fanny Sedgwick
        - **Ridley** b. 8 Mar. 1817, m. 19 June 1851 Sarah Grinnell
        - **Essex** b. 28 Mar. 1819, m. Mary Scott Kearny
      - **William** b. 1787, d. 1793
    - **Susanna** b. 24 Feb. 1750/51, m. Philip Kearny
    - **John** b. 27 Aug. 1749, m. Jane DeLancey, 10 children: 8, d.s.p.
    - **Stephen & Susanna, twins** b. 30 July 1746, d. young
    - **Anne** b. 20 Sept. 1744, m. Archibald Kennedy
  - **Mary** b. 27 Oct. 1753, m. 1773 Sir John Johnson
  - **Margaret** b. 14 Dec. 1755, m. Maj. Robt. W. Leake
  - **(Maj.) Stephen** b. 24 Dec. 1754, m. Margaret Nugent
  - **James** b. 1756, d. young

WATTS DESCENT (cont.)

ROBERT[5] Watts, M.D. (1812-1867)
m. Charlotte Deas (1809-1868)

- Robert Watts, M.D.
  b. 1837
  d. 1917
  m. 1864 Frances Kellogg
- Alice Izard
  b. 1841
  m. 1875 Henry Fulton
- WILLIAM[6] WATTS
  b. 6 May 1844
  d. 1 Jan. 1914
  m. 4 Nov. 1868
  m. Mary Adeline Bigelow
  daughter of Edward & Caroline (Boies) Bigelow
  b. 7 May 1847
  d. 29 Jan. 1921
- Matilda
  b. 1847
- Edward
  b. 1849
  d. 1854
- John
  b. 1851
  d. 1854
- Anne
  b. 1853
  d. 1871

- Mary
  b. 6 Nov. 1869
  m. 1893 Stewart Chaplin
- RIDLEY[7] WATTS, Sr.
  b. 5 Apr. 1872
  d. 31 Dec. 1937
  m. 24 May 1900
  m. Gertrude Hoy, dau. of Harry E. & Florence (VanEpps) Hoy
  b. 23 Oct. 1873
  d. 22 Sept. 1947
- Margaret King
  b. 23 May 1873
  m. 1899 Samuel Cochran, M.D.
- William Alexander
  b. 22 Nov. 1878
  m. 1) Irene Coltart
  2) Ruth C. White
- Ann Izard
  b. 17 Nov. 1881
  m. 1903 Henry Shaw, Jr.

- Bigelow
  b. 10 Jan. 1887
  m. 1922 Helen Spader
- Robert Morss
  b. 1884
  d.y.

- RIDLEY[8] WATTS
  b. 12 May 1901
  m. 25 Feb. 1928
  m. Mary Stuart Cottrell
  dau. of Calvert Byron & Agnes (Clark) Cottrell
  b. 7 July 1901
- Erwin Hoy
  b. 1903
  d. 1964
  m. 1927
  Alice Wheelock
- John
  b. 28 Aug. 1905
  m. Mari Boies
  25 Mar. 1933
- Philip Howell
  b. 4 Oct. 1908
  m. 24 Sept. 1932
  Mildred Lee
- Florence
  b. 21 Aug. 1910
  m. 20 May 1933
  Francis O. Ayres, Jr.

VI

- RIDLEY WATTS, Jr.
  b. 19 Dec. 1928
  m. 8 Aug. 1953
  Mabel Rose Crowther, dau. of Herbert Crowther
  - -Barbara Ann 24 Oct. 1954
  - -Ridley IV 25 Mar. 1956
  - -Mary Stuart 17 Nov. 1957
  - -Kathryn Cottrell 25 Nov. 1959
  - -Patricia 25 Dec. 1960
  - -Elizabeth 13 Apr. 1962
  - -John Christopher 1 Jan. 1970
  - -Philip 9 Aug. 1971
- DAVID WATTS
  b. 24 Jan. 1932
  m. 18 Apr. 1959
  Susan Armstrong, dau. of Thomas N. Armstrong
  - -Jennifer 22 Jan. 1963
  - -Mary Saunders 18 Sept. 1964
  - -David Cottrell 12 June 1973

Prepared by
Harriet Stryker-Rodda, C.G.
1975

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WATTS LINE OF DESCENT

Robert Watts 1678-1750	married 1705	Mary Nicoll 1689-
John Watts 1715-1789	1742	Anne de Lancey 1723-1775
Robert Watts 1743-1814	1775	Lady Mary Alexander 1749-1831
Robert Watts 1784-1850	1811	Matilda F.S. Ridley 1789-1862
Robert Watts, M.D. 1812-1867	1836	Charlotte Deas 1809-1868
William Watts, Lt. Com. U.S.N. 1844-1914	1868	Mary Adeline Bigelow 1847-1921
Ridley Watts, Sr. 1872-1937	1900	Gertrude Van Epps Hoy 1873-1947
Ridley Watts 1901-	1928	Mary Stuart Cottrell 1901-

ROBERT WATTS (1678-1750)

Robert Watt[s] son of John Watt of Rose Hill, Edinburgh, Scotland, was born there about 1677 or 78; died 21 September 1750 in New York City in the 73rd year of his age and was interred at Trinity Churchyard. He married by licence dated 28 December 1705, Mary Nicoll, daughter of William and Ann (Van Rensselaer) Nicoll. She was baptized 6 October 1689 at the Reformed Dutch Church, New York City, the sponsors Hon. Stephanus Van Cortlant, Major Brant Schuyler and Maria Nicols. It is presumed that Mary (Nicoll) Watts predeceased her husband since she is not mentioned in his will.

Robert Watt, or an early scribe, added the terminal "s" to his name, probably not long after his arrival in New York in 1698 at the age of 20. Of his early education nothing is definitely known, but as a son of a prominent and wealthy family it would have been more than adequate. He was undoubtedly conversant with the trade with the colonies, for his father was a successful Scottish merchant.

It was not long after Robert Watts arrived in New York before he had entre to the homes of the more influential people; his own social background made him acceptable. The Indian trade in furs was still thriving in the Colony. Upon the advice of a newly-made friend, William Nicoll, himself a very prosperous merchant, Robert Watts undertook a six months trading trip into the "Five Nations" country. He probably penetrated the forests as far west as the site of the later Fort Niagara. This first foray into merchandising - trading was so successful that Watts became a business partner of William Nicoll, his future father-in-law, which continued for years.

Soon after his arrival in New York Robert Watts took an active interest in the newly established Trinity Church. He became a pew holder and subscribed to the cost of erecting the steeple which became a landmark in the city. He later contributed £10 to the north and south extensions of the original building. In 1739 he was made a Vestryman, which he remained until his death.

The New York Robert Watts knew was an extension of the social system prevalent in England. Aristocrats, men of wealth in this commercial colony, were the men who held the highest offices and wielded the powers entrusted to them by the distant Crown. Through his marriage to Mary Nicoll and his own antecedents, as well as the enormous

wealth he accumulated in trade, Robert Watts could have been made a Councillor, appointed on the recommendation of Governor Hunter to the Crown in 1720, but was not. In his letter to the Lords of Trade, Hunter referred to him as "a gentleman of sound sense, high respectability, large wealth and known affection to the government"... "and one who dispensed the hospitality of the best society in New York with a liberality and grace which have rarely been surpassed."

The official activities of Robert Watts were principally in commerce. From 1710 to 1733 his name appears frequently in the lists of merchants whose vessels cleared from the ports of Boston and New York.

Politically, Watts was disturbed by the growing disaffection which appeared so early in the Colony where thinking men could sense the coming of a rebellion against England. When Archibald Kennedy, the Collector of the Port at New York was given a seat in the Council in 1727, Watts wrote to him: "I feel the principles we have discussed on so many occasions will now triumph. They are vital to the ultimate well being of our Province and of the Colonies of the Crown." When the bitter Colonial question was raised concerning the support of the Government, Watts again wrote to Councillor Kennedy, saying he felt that the Assembly should supply the Government liberally with the means of self support, that the Province had not raised for their own defense nearly as much as the Crown had supplied and that this action of the Crown had been a very distinguishing mark of His Majesty's care, "which calls upon us to make the most natural returns for so singular a favor." Thus Robert Watts continued in his "known affection to the Government." He vigorously supported the policy of fortifying the frontier, realizing that the French were not only encroaching on the fur trade, but were intent upon attacking the colonies. He wrote to Kennedy, "The Indians are an effective security to the frontier. If I am in earnest with you on this subject it is for your own safety and that of your posterity that makes me so. I desire for you not to be wanting to yourselves."

Watts' correspondence covered all the issues of his time. He expressed his thoughts on them in letters to the Councillors, the Governor, and others in power; he helped to frame a petition sent to every member of Parliament concerning the injustice of taxation without repre-

sentation. In all his correspondence he remained loyal to the Crown.

As the surviving son of his father, Robert Watts was heir to the family seat in Edinburgh. He intended to settle there when he left New York after years spent in lucrative commercial ventures with his father-in-law. The deaths of his daughters Anne and Margaret in Edinburgh are supposedly the reason for his return to America, but this cannot now be verified. It is said he returned about 1733 at the end of Governor Cosby's violent administration. This may well be the case, for Robert Watts was deeply interested in the suppression of the spirit of revolution.

He did not live to see the destruction of the old order and the city in which he had built his own beautiful mansion. His will of 9 September 1750 was proved 4 October 1750. In it he devised the bulk of his estate to his only son, John Watts, but also specified certain sums for John's children and others. In addition to his city properties, Robert Watts had properties in Jamaica, Queens County, N.Y. and about 4000 acres of wilderness in upstate New York, as well as his small family seat in Edinburgh, Scotland.

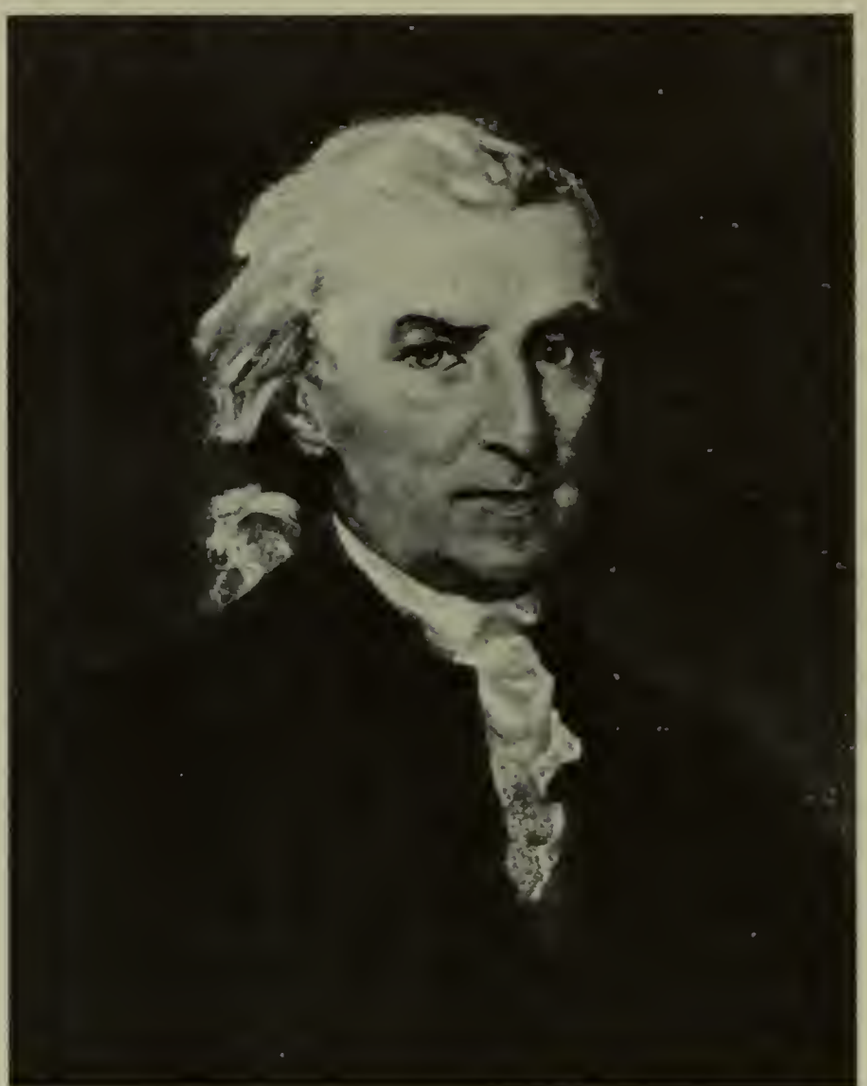
Children of Robert and Mary [Nicoll] Watts, all born in New York City:

i. Anne born c. 1707; died c. 1724 in Edinburgh, Scotland.

ii. Margaret born c. 1707; died unmarried in Edinburgh, Scotland.

iii. Mary born May 1713; d. 1736. Married Capt. Richard Riggs and had one son who died young.

+iv. JOHN born 5 April 1715.



JOHN WATTS, SR.

1715 - 1789

JOHN WATTS (1715-1789)

John[2] Watts (Robert[1])

John Watts, son of Robert and Mary (Nicoll) Watts, was born in New York City 5 April 1715; died 15 August 1789 in London and was interred there in St. Olave's Church, Hart Street, in Crutched Friars. He married in July 1742 Anne De Lancey, daughter of Stephen and Ann (Van Cortlandt) De Lancey, born 23 April 1723 in New York City. She died 3 July 1775 in New York, supposedly "of a broken heart over events in the Colonies."

John Watts' youth was spent in New York City among the elite families who controlled the aristocratic world of wealth and commerce while remaining loyal to the Crown. He absorbed from his father all the Royalist ideas. Both maintained their allegiance to the British powers which had enriched their lives financially and socially.

John's marriage to Anne De Lancey in 1742 was a natural outcome of the closeness of two of the wealthy families who moved in the same social circles. Watts and De Lancey were traders, dealing in fabrics such as hollands, lawns, ginghams, flannels; in gloves, lumber, bottles, compasses, bustles, earthenware, molasses, sugar and rum. In short, their business was buying and selling commodities needed by the burgeoning colony of New York and the other twelve colonies which bordered the Atlantic ocean.

John and Anne lived in a handsome house on Great Dock Street, which was the name of the present lower Pearl Street near Broadway. John's large warehouse stood on Hanover Square. The city was growing rapidly, expanding to accomodate the tides of immigrants who continued to flow from Europe. The streets were still shaded with old locust, lime and elm trees. Brick houses of several stories were rapidly replacing the older wooden, clustering hovels used by the earliest settlers.

In 1747 one of Anne's brothers, Chief Justice James De Lancey, purchased a large farm lying then outside the city limits. He paid £6000 for the property which today embraces 21st to 30th Streets from Broadway to the East River, then transferred it to John Watts. Here John built a country seat and called it "Rose Hill", naming it for his grandfather's estate in Scotland. The farm which lay to the

ANN DE LANCEY
(Mrs. John Watts, Sr.)

1723 - 1775

west of the mansion, bordered on the Post Road from which a long driveway flanked by fields, orchard and woodland led to the mansion. The house itself was gracious and commodious, with a formal garden in the rear planted in the old style of colonial days. It was the scene of notable functions such as the ball given there to celebrate the fall of Canada to the British, when visiting officers of Wolfe's command spoke of "the lordly ways of the merchants of New York [who] celebrated the conquest." Rose Hill became the dearly loved summer country home of all of John's and Anne's large family, and visiting relatives.

The year 1751 marked the beginning of John Watts' outstanding public career. He took his seat in the Assembly which he held for many years and founded the Merchant's Exchange. This latter was the fulfillment of a need that had been present in the city since 1670. Governor Lovelace had issued a proclamation concerning the need of "ye keeping of a punctual time of meeting for the merchants. The tyme and place of these meetings to be between the hours of Eleven and Twelve at ye bridge." Eighty-two years later John Watts was given the honor and responsibility of formulating the plans for a single Exchange building to house the Stock Exchange, the Coffee Exchange, the Curb, and other great commercial establishments. Watts' plan was unanimously approved by the Mayor and the Common Council who voted to pay £100 to the managers of the Exchange to be applied toward the building. John Watts was one of the managers, an outstanding founder of a very important institution which gained in size as the needs of the merchants increased.

The New York Mercury of April 1754 carried the following notice:

> "A subscription is now on foot and carried on with great spirit to raise money for erecting and maintaining a Public Library. We make no doubt that a scheme of this nature, so well calculated for promoting literature, will meet with due encouragement from all who wish the happiness of the rising generation. Contemporaries hail this project as tending to promote a spirit of inquiry among the people."

The plan of the founders was to build a Library and later to expand it to include a City Museum. The men who subscribed to this popular philanthropic scheme were the wealthy merchants: The Livingstons, De Peysters, Bayard, Duane, Jacob Frank, Daniel Van Horne, Gerardus Beekman, Augustus Van Cortlandt, Lewis Morris, Jr. and John Watts,

who was one of the leaders in the project. Each of the trustees of the library made a list of the books he felt should properly be included. John Watts was directed by the trustees to transmit £300 to Moses Frank in London to purchase the volumes.

One of the first expressions of rivalry between the De Lanceys and the Livingstons took place during the founding of the Library. The Presbyterian Livingstons, later Revolutionaries, raised £600. The De Lanceys and Watts were Episcopalians, later Loyalists. When the first £600 was raised, a Mr. Chambres, an Episcopalian bigot, distributed a handbill which described how dangerous it would be to the Church of England to have Presbyterian Trustees of The Library. A schism developed which never healed.

Another of John Watts' public services developed through his first bill introduced in the Assembly in 1751. Kings College, the ancestor of Columbia University, was planned as early as 1746 when the Legislature directed that a lottery be held to raise funds for the erection. By 1751, £3443 had been raised. Of this £150 was raised through John Watts' bill, providing sufficient funds to start the building. Ten men were chosen by the Assembly to administer the funds, John Watts among them. The corner stone was laid in August 1756 and the first Commencement was held in 1758 in the college built on land donated by Trinity Church on the block bounded by Murray, Church and Barclay Streets. John's support of the college continued when he sent his two sons there, John and Robert. In each generation from 1760 to 1900 a lineal descendant of John Watts matriculated at Columbia University.

The French and Indian Wars of 1754-63 were the American phase of the Seven Years' War. It was in 1755 that the English ministry became deeply disturbed and sent General Edward Braddock to the colonies as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces-two regiments of British regulars and colonial recruits. His task was to save the lucrative colonial Indian fur trade by soundly defeating the French and their Indian allies who were encroaching on both the trade and British colonial territory. Troops of colonials were needed for Braddocks' ill-fated mission. John Watts pushed a recruitment bill through the Assembly to fulfill the Crown's request for men and arms. Braddock's

attempt to thwart the French and their Indian allies ended in utter defeat when his British regulars and colonists were ambushed, tomahawked, scalped and defeated. George Washington was accompanying Braddock; it was his first battle.

By 1758 another large scale assault was planned by the distant government. John Watts was again given the task of prosecuting the military program in the New York Assembly. His work was successful and New York again responded to the British call for men and arms. On July 8, 1758 General James Abercromby, the British Commander-in-Chief, was defeated by the French under General Montcalm, at Fort Ticonderoga. Abercromby lost nearly 2,000 men in that rout to Montcalm's 377.

The wars raged on for another five years until the French and their Indian allies were defeated. John Watts' successful prosecution of the Crown's mandates to provide men and arms did not go unnoticed by his government. New York Colonial Records show that on 10 June 1758 "The Governor and The Council received a Royal Mandate to swear in John Watts as a member of the Council in place of James Alexander, deceased." Watts was immediately sworn in and took his seat. It was written of him at this time,

> "His scholarly and refined tastes were discussed in England and his name was suggested for the Governorship. He was a master of political economy, a scholar of no mean attainments and a brilliant logician. In 1755 he was appointed a member of the Committee of Correspondence concerning boundaries ... and his letters were among the finest productions of the decade. His ready mind could solve the most knotty problems and his sound judgment was sought in every passage over crooked paths ... In matters of moment his advice was more sought by the Governors than any other member of that august body [the Council]. He possessed a remarkably cheerful temper which no disappointment could disturb and a brain, even in the midst of subsequent reverses, filled with reason."

He continued a Member of the Council until 4 May 1775.

In 1756 Watts was appointed by the Council to settle the boundaries between New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, a difficult task in a situation that had so long rankled that small local wars had been spawned. This was only one of the subjects to which he brought his expertise and great good judgment. He sponsored many purely civic laws: provisions for building prisons and Court

houses, bills for private lotteries, bills to levy local taxes. He more than adequately fulfilled his duties as a Councilor and his allegiance to The Crown. Through all his years of service to the Colony under distant British rule, John Watts was part of the native-born oligarchy which derived its powers from support of the Crown, wealth and social position. It consisted of James De Lancey, his brother-in-law, who was Chief Justice and Lt. Governor; William Nicoll, another brother-in-law, who was Speaker of the Assembly; Archibald Kennedy, a son-in-law, to name only a few.

After the close of the French and Indian Wars in 1763, with the borders of the colonies freed from terroristic attacks, the westward march began of men seeking new land, greater economic security and new freedoms. John Watts did not leave the city where he lived handsomely and worked hard, but he became interested in the colonization of the newly acquired Ohio Valley. He invested £500 in that enterprise, thus becoming one of the proprietors.

Peace on the borders brought a temporary period of prosperity to the colonies, but the British at home were staggering under the debts incurred by the Seven Years War. In London it was believed that there was enough money in New York alone to pay the British war debt and that Stamp, Sugar and Navigation Acts and taxes were in order. These acts, to the volatile colonists, stood for "taxation without representation" and taxation without consent. The people did not accept the propaganda that taxes protected their property. In many cases they had no property. Instead, the cry of "Human Liberty" ran through the land as the Revolution was fomented.

In the Council John Watts railed against the wrangling and violent talk. He tried to help solve officially many of the knotty problems raised by the new spirit abroad in the land. As an economist he knew that the foundation of the econonomic system, in which he and his kindred had prospered in New York, was the fact that it was impossible to manufacture much in the northern colonies that could be exported to the mother country, yet they were obliged to accept from her larger quantities of goods than any of the other colonies. Therefore, other sources of trade income must be found. Trade with the non-English West Indies and with Africa were illicit, but were the sole means of

paying the English manufacturers. John Watts publicly spoke and privately wrote in his correspondence his belief in public opinion. He felt that Parliament's rights to regulate trade and raise taxes were not subjects for public debate and in official life should be debated only under the call of necessity. He believed that under his oath as a Councilor to the Crown there could be no question concerning the right of Parliament to act. He was loyal, through and through, yet believed reason and justice would prevail if reason could be properly presented.

When the news reached New York City in 1765 that Parliament had passed the Stamp Act, nearly all the city's inhabitants were determined to prevent the use of stamps by boycotting goods made in England. So violent was the opposition of the people that Acting Lt. Governor Colden, who served the Crown, retired to the Fort where General Gage and his Regulars were stationed. The Governor's Council, of which John Watts was a member, recognized this as an act of cowardice. They advised the governor to surrender the hated stamps to the city, as did also General Gage, in order to avoid civil war. The stamps were never released in New York City, but the resistance also caused the tacit repeal of the Stamp Act; Customs allowed transactions and trade without the stamp tax. Had they not been realistic about the matter, smuggling to evade Customs would have gotten out of hand in the many little harbors around the city. The public resistance also took shape in the form of the Sons of Liberty who organized throughout all the colonies to resist the Act's enforcement, thus becoming a nucleus of the forces of revolution.

Trade began to pick up and a temporary prosperity came to the colony of New York. It was during this period that Governor Moore suggested that New York City should follow the lead of Philadelphia and establish a hospital. When the Governor solicited funds, John Watts promised £50. The city doctors felt that the business and financial end of the hospital should be in the hands of capable laymen. Because he had so successfully worked on the founding of the college and the library, his services to the cause of higher education and his help as Vestryman at Trinity Church, John Watts was asked to actively engage in the founding of the hospital. He accepted the honor

and the task, proposed a charter which was agreeable to both medical men and lay people, entrusting the funds to trustees and assuring perpetuity to the project. The hospital's first name was "The Society of the Hospital of the City of New York." John Watts, Oliver De Lancey, Archibald Kennedy, Sir William Johnson, John Leake and many others of Watts' friends were named among the incorporators. John Watts was named in the charter as President of the Society, a position to which he was re-elected. With the funds secured, the first hospital was erected on Duane Street. It was destroyed by fire, but a new building was immediately begun and first opened its doors in 1776. Misfortune again descended upon the new venture when the building was seized by the British. They took New York in August 1776 and turned the hospital into a barracks.

In 1764 Watts and De Lancey had become agents for the contractors victualling the King's soldiers. In addition to this lucrative contract John Watts was the agent for nearly eight years preceding the Revolution for the London bankers who supplied funds to run His Majestys' government in North America. Profits on these contracts were very large, which may have been a factor in directing the wrath of the mob against him later.

Through his letters, John Watts' belief in the necessity for unity of the colonies is made very clear. He wrote,

> "For my part I really believe some new Constitution will be formed, in time, between the Mother Country and the Colonies, as the Colonies will, before a great many years, exceed the Mother Country in numbers. Would it be quite reasonable that the property of the majority should be at the will and pleasure of the minority?"

As the storm clouds of revolution began to gather he wrote,

> "A little more tenderness and attention must be shown to the Colonies. But don't think the knot is indissoluable - it would be too terrifying."

Moderation and conservatism of this kind, however, could not stay the march of history nor cool the tempers of the hot-headed patriots in Boston. There the tea ships were pillaged, their cargo thrown into Boston Harbor. The dissolution of the ties with England had begun.

John Watts, like the De Lanceys, Coldens, Coopers, and many

others, remained loyal to the Mother Country, even while loving the country and city where they were born. They believed that a strong union of colonies was necessary and inevitable, but that liberty to act and grow was equally necessary: "Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable."

Events moved rapidly after these Lexington and Concord incidents. John Watts and his friends received libellous letters accusing them of setting the New York Colony against the other colonies; of calling upon England to send over troops. Two sloops carrying cargo for beleaguered Boston which were being sent by Watts, were unloaded and their cargo placed on a New York dock.

New York City was being attacked in May 1775 by citizen mobs who had turned against their own English governors. The populace forced open the doors of the city arsenal and took possession of the arms that were then distributed among the citizens, who formed a voluntary company to assume the government of the city. When mob rule took over in the streets, Loyalists were threatened in their offices and homes. Business was practically at a standstill while the citizens of opposing ideas sought the "suspects." The property of the Crown was plundered and the riots had become almost a civil war as partisans aligned themselves with one side or the other.

John Watts, despite his American birth and his deep, often expressed belief in the importance of union and liberty, was a prime target. The mobs sought him at the Exchange Coffee House and at the house on Great Dock Street. Frustrated and angry, the mob was in a lynching mood.

A bystander wrote,

> "A mob of excited people ready to believe anything that ministered to their hatred and desire for satiating their revenge, surged about the Watts mansion threatening violence and destruction. At this juncture Judge Robert Livingston, who lived just above, was returning from Court, dressed in scarlet robes. Seeing the danger of his old friend, for however opposed publicly, the two great leaders were at heart devoted to each other, he mounted the steps of the Watts house, with no thought of peril to his own person. The noble judge waved his hand and held the crowd spell bound by his eloquence, while he took the opportunity, unseen by the

audience, to whisper directions for hiding Watts in a back alley. He continued to speak until the ruse was complete, when he was escorted by the mob to his own door nearby with many cheers."

That same night, May 4th 1775, Watts slipped aboard a ship which shortly sailed for England. Before he left he saw Judge Livingston once more and when they parted he took the Judge in his arms to embrace him, exclaiming, "Robert! God Almighty bless you! I don't believe you have an enemy in the world!"

John Watts sailed alone to England. It was generally presumed at the time that his wife had gone with him, but she died in New York City on 3 July 1775. In a letter written from England John Watts revealed that she had "died of a broken heart," her death brought about by her anxiety and deep distress over the turn of events in the colonies and its effect on her families. The events leading to the Revolution tore apart the lives of families, poor and rich, throughout the thirteen colonies. Ann De Lancey Watts was one of its early victims.

If Ann left a will, it did not survive the fires that burned the city and her homes. In 1785 John Watts wrote to his son Robert in New York, who was handling the affairs concerning the family estates left in chaos, "Your mother did not convey her estate to me, nor did I ever give her the least hint I desired it." Ann had inherited lands from her grandfather Stephanus Van Cortlandt in Van Cortlandt Manor, and since she had not conveyed the title to her husband, John Watts, those manor land titles would pass to Robert and John Watts, Jr.

Watts was not left alone in his exile in England. It is ironic that he and Col. Roger Morris had planned to sail to London about a week later than John's hastily contrived escape. It had been planned that Morris and Watts should try to effect a more counciliatory attitude on the part of the Crown. When Watts and Morris finally met in London they could do nothing, for the Declaration of Independence had been signed on July 4th, 1776. Both men decided to wait in England for the right time to return to America, but that time never arrived for them. Watts' prophecy had become a reality: the colonies formed a constitution of their own.

The daughters of John and Ann Watts, many of their life-long

friends and associates, were forced to seek refuge abroad and chose to go to London. Always a generous man and tender-hearted, John saw his friends in straightened circumstances, far from their native land. His letters to his sons during his years of exile reveal his close, continuing care for family and friends. In July 1785 he wrote, "If this year Rose Hill produces any good Pippin apples, send two or three barrels. They would be grateful to some of my friends."

Over and over again, when his son Robert wrote to John concerning disposition of the lands and estate his father had had to abandon, John wrote, "With respect to every one of my properties, do whatever you think best -- I have said so before -- I say so again." That there was some mild disagreement between his sons concerning the disposition of that estate is evident in a letter their father wrote to Robert in 1785 after John Watts, Jr. had gone to London to visit his father and had expressed his views:

> "John expresses his intention to have the farm. I have communicated my sentiments to him on the subject. He is willing to consult his friends when he returns and it is indifferent to me and the rest of my children, I apprehend, what part of my wretched fortunes he takes for his share. If upon deliberation he does not change his mind, I desire you to convey it to him. May God prosper it in his hands better than it has prospered in his father's ... The farm signifies little to me or my children nor in what manner John receives his part of the wreck of my fortunes. But if it is to take him from the other pursuits of active life, it will, in my opinion, be a manifest prejudice to his family in the gentlest light it can be viewed. This I have represented to him. If it continues still to be his object after a thorough examination of the matter, you make it his. May it prosper in his hands. Once I thought to have spent my last breath there; but since Providence has ordained otherwise, I am content and must finish my days among strangers to whom I am indebted for as many courtesies as I believe ever exile was."

In exile John Watts, Sr., worried about the affairs of his daughters, too. His letters show his anxiety, for he wrote voluminously and frequently to Robert and John, Jr. to remind them of his desire that the girls be as well provided for as possible from the remnants of his fortune:

> "You and your brother taking so large a cut from

> the wreck", he wrote in 1788, "leaves me and my necessitous dependents only the provision of the other children to support both me and them. I save all I can against the time of need for those who shall want it most, as it is my duty to do. A very little for myself and that cannot be wanted long." ... "I wish the other members of the Family were equally provided for but that is far from being the lot of some. Susan's [Mrs. Philip Kearny] condition I am much concerned about; her prospect is so unfavorable altogether -- and Polly's [Lady Mary Johnson] so far as I can see is very precarious, depending entirely on an unstable government."

When he first began living in London John was joined by his beloved daughter Ann who had married Archibald Kennedy. Eventually he went to live in the house Ann and Archibald Kennedy established at No. 3 Jermyn Street. Daughter Margaret and her husband, Major Robert W. Leake, settled in Cardiff, Wales, where in June of 1788 John Watts and Lady Casillis [Ann Kennedy] attended Maj. Leake's funeral. Susan and Philip Kearny had not removed to England, but John was equally concerned for their welfare:

> "I wish you and your brother," he wrote to Robert, "would consider whether Mr. Kearny and his numerous flock could not be placed in a more favorable situation than the present ... a farm the best measure of employment for him. Anything is better than wearing life away unprofitably. His experience to be sure, is small. I fear for Susan's prospects."

Robert and John Watts, Jr. followed their father's suggestion. A large farm on the east bank of the Passaic River in New Jersey was secured for Philip and Susan where a beautiful mansion was erected for them. The Kearny Homestead became a famous landmark north of Newark; the surrounding area and later town, took its name of Kearny from its first resident. The house remained standing on the River Road until well into the twentieth century, traditionally the country seat of a gentleman and his lady, where well known public figures of the nineteenth century were delighted to be guests.

From January 1789 John Watts was very ill. He continued to carry on his large correspondence with all his children and tried to put his personal affairs in order. He apparently was irked and hampered by his illness, for about a week before his death he wrote, "Dear

Sons: I told you the antidote I take for my disorder often fills my head with chimeras which is the excuse for your having been so often teased with a ramble of incoherent nonsense."

In February 1789 Lady Casillis wrote to Robert Watts in New York,

> "Our parent is in a very dangerous state, weak and emaciated. His spirits, too, are very low, which makes against him, as he has given himself entirely up... He will not take the advice of his physician or any of us... I wish he were in a more complying nature. We have him with us at our house; and if dilligent attention and good nursing with the blessing of God can be of use, he may yet be better; but everything is to be feared from his age and present state."

Later that same month Lady Casillis wrote again to her brother, "He is so low that all the skill of a physician, without a miracle, cannot save him. If you were with him it would be a great consolation..." On August 17, 1789 Ann wrote after her father's death,

> "I should have had a brother to have comforted me at this hour. The day before yesterday his soul took its flight to the mansions of eternal life and trust; and his precious remains are to be with us three days longer. Captain [Capt. Archibald Kennedy, her husband] is so distressed with the loss of his dear Friend that I have no comfort. Don't be angry with me for telling you; but we all blame you. You should have been here."

John Watts, Sr. was laid to rest near his friend, Sir John Riddell, at St. Olave's, Hart Street, in Crutched Friars. His will, dated 3 July 1789 confirmed to his sons the title to John of "Rose Hill" and to Robert the lot on which his house stood in New York City. "I confirm to John Watts, Jr. my farm called Rose Hill valued at £6000, New York funds"; this was the accepted value of the 121 acres at the time the property was reclaimed from the Commissioners of Forfeiture. Ann Kennedy received a special gift and, as did her sisters, received a trust fund of £3000. The residue of his estate was left equally among his surviving children.

Children of John and Ann (De Lancey) Watts;all born in New York City:

\+ i. ROBERT born 23 August 1743

ii. Ann born 20 Sept. 1744; married Capt. Archibald Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis [Edinburgh]; both died in London.

iii. Stephen and his twin

iv. Susanna born 30 July 1746; both died in infancy

v. John born 27 August 1749; married Jane De Lancey

vi. Susanna born 24 February 1750/51; married 1770 Philip Kearny

vii. Mary born 27 October 1753; married 1773 Sir John Johnson

viii. [Major] Stephen born 24 December 1754; married Sarah Nugent

ix. Margaret born 14 December 1755; married Major Robert W. Leake

x. James born 1756 died in infancy of smallpox

LADY MARY ALEXANDER
(Mrs. Robert Watts)

1749 - 1831

ROBERT WATTS
1743 - 1814

ROBERT WATTS (1743-1814)

Robert[3] Watts (John[2], Robert[1])

Robert Watts, son of John and Ann (De Lancey) Watts was born in New York City 23 August 1743 o.s.; died at Roxborough, Pennsylvania [near Philadelphia] 14 September 1814 aged 71 years. He was interred in Trinity Churchyard, New York City, where his monument states 16 September 1814 was his death date. He married in 1775 Lady Mary Alexander, daughter of General William Alexander, Lord Stirling, and Sarah [Livingston] his wife. Lady Mary was born April 1749 and died in 1831. There is a monument to her memory in the church at Saugerties, N.Y.

Robert Watts was the oldest son of his parents, born into a family of wealth and distinction, but destined to lead a busy, quiet life through troubled times. His early education was received from tutors at home. He then entered the newly created Kings College [now Columbia University] from which he graduated at the age of 17 in 1760. There were no law schools at that time, but the probability is that Robert was received for a fee, as a law apprentice in the office of a well established member of the bar where he read and studied English law for a few years.

His youth was spent in the city where he was born, a crude village type of place, carrying no promise of its own great future. The roads were unpaved, dusty or muddy in season. There were no sanitary facilities. Drinking water was purchased from water carts that delivered to the small homes where each stood on its own plot or lot. More stately homes or mansions occupied larger tracts, some even having woodlands or deer parks around them. The waterfront was busy and active with the ships plying between England and New York, carrying merchandise to enrich merchants on both sides of the Atlantic. Robert Watts' father was one of those merchants.

When Robert was about four years old his father purchased from James DeLancey the beautiful estate which he named "Rose Hill." It contained 92 acres of orchards, fields and woodland; a mansion house 50 x 37 feet, formal gardens and space in which a growing family could play in summer. "Rose Hill" must have been a delightful country home on the old Post Road lying outside the city on the north side of 24th Street west of Second Avenue. During the winter the family returned

to their home on Pearl Street in lower Manhattan.

The French and Indian wars and their decade of suffering for the colonists on the frontiers probably did not touch directly on the life of young Robert Watts. The virtual end to the supply of furs and pelts from the wilderness may have affected his father's business somewhat, but the family did not suffer heavy losses.

As the events in the colonies rolled inevitably toward revolution, Robert was reaching maturity. His father remained steadfastly loyal to the Crown, but was deeply involved in trying to cool the fires of rebellion, for John Watts was devoted to the American ideals, too, believing that here a great nation was being developed, which through unity could become a valuable and mighty adjunct of the Crown, if only the king and his parliament could be brought to an understanding. Native born Americans and New Yorkers, John Watts and his sons shared these views. It was not until John Watts fled for his life from a wild, destruction-bent rabble in 1775 and sought asylum in England, that Robert Watts began to question the validity of the loyalist cause.

Perhaps his marriage about that time also had something to do with his thinking. He married Lady Mary Alexander, a daughter of the patriot General William Alexander, Lord Stirling. Lord Stirling disinherited Lady Mary because she was married to a Loyalist and lived within the British lines. Lady Mary's sister, Lady Kitty, had married William Duer, a notorious rebel. The sisters were closely allied and deeply imbued with the spirit of rebellion. In this situation, with his family divided, his mother and father so strongly loyal, it would have been natural that Robert would be torn between the two causes.

When John Watts, Sr. fled to England in May 1775 he left behind not only his extensive land holdings, but also his import-export business. In the letters which passed between him and Robert there is some evidence that Robert made every effort to collect the bills due his father for merchandise as well as to settle the accounts payable. Robert had been trained by his father in the merchandising business and had the advantage also of his law background. He apparently continued both careers, as a lawyer and a merchant, for among his extant collected papers there is ample evidence of both activities.

It is not known whether Robert and Lady Mary Watts settled into

an establishment of their own at the time of their marriage, but it is probable. When the Great Fire of 21 September 1776 devastated so much of lower Manhattan, it was repoted to have been "first discovered between 12 midnight and 1 a.m. in the block of houses fronting Mr. Watts and near the Exchange, in a house facing the water." The Exchange had been built through the efforts of John Watts, Sr. in 1752. The fire raced up Broadway and Broad Street to the City Hall and downtown to Flattenberg Hill. Both sides of Broadway were consumed from Cortlandt House to Hills Tavern, thence to St. Paul's Church, with all the buildings back of that destroyed to the North River. One quarter to one third of the city was in ruins. Through heroic efforts of the fire fighters, St. Paul's and the college were saved, but Trinity Church, the Lutheran Church, parsonage and charity school were destroyed, with an estimated 1000 to 1500 houses. Among the friends of the Watts family, the only homes saved were those of Captain Kennedy, Dr. Mallet, John Cortland, Axtell and Rutherford.

The John Watts, Sr. house on Pearl Street was destroyed and with it would have gone Robert Watts' house,if he had a separate one. "Rose Hill" was still standing since the fire stopped well below that point, although it was observed that the southeast wind carried sparks for long distances that sorry night. Since Robert and his family were homeless, they undoubtedly moved temporarily into "Rose Hill," but their need for a home of their own turned Robert's attention further north. Their daughter Sarah Maria was born in 1778 at "Rose Hill" while her parents were still in temporary residence there.

Eventually a piece of land was purchased of the Corsa family in the John Archer manor grant. On this land Robert Watts built his family's country home and named his estate "Rose Hill," also. This name persisted when the property was later purchased by a Brevoort and then by John Mowatt, and in 1839 when the property was purchased by the Catholic Church to found St. John's College, now Fordham University. Robert Watts also rebuilt on the downtown property where he erected "two fine houses in Pearl Street near Whitehall, one of them occupied by Mr. Watts and the other by Mr. John Delafield ... worth $7,000 each." However, all this took time, and in 1780 it was reported that "Lady Mary and Robert Watts have rented Mrs. Richard Montgomery's

farm for two years in order to leave New York City."

By 1790 Robert and his family were evidently occupying their new homes, for a letter from John Johnson, Robert Watts' brother-in-law, who was exiled in Montreal, which was addressed to "Robert Watts, Merchant," says,

> "I hope your present country residence is as pleasant in every respect as you could wish it and the Lady Mary approves of it. How do you pass your time, in farming and Improving your Ground, or Among a Round of Acquaintances. I have a desire to know your present Mode of life, it must be very different from what you were Accustomed to, and I hope every way, at least, as Eligible."

Roberts' reply to this has not survived, but by 1790 the Watts' "Mode of life" would indeed have changed. The revolution changed the lives of everyone in the Watts family and their circle of friends.

Robert's two brothers, John Watts, Jr. and Stephen Watts, took very divergent paths. John remained in New York City where he also became a lawyer. He was the last City Recorder at the age of 25 under The Royal Government (1774-1777). After the war his career was outstanding: he was Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New York 5 June 1791 and 7 January 1794; one of the founders of The Tontine in 1794; a member of Congress 1793-95; first Judge of Westchester County, N.Y. 1806; a founder and later President of the New York City Dispensary and founder and endower of The Leake and Watts Orphan House which was incorporated by act of the Legislature of the State of New York in 1831. John built a beautiful country seat on the shore of Long Island Sound near Rochelle which he named "Woodlands." He married his cousin Jane De Lancey and they had five sons and five daughters, most of whom died unmarried or without issue. Their last two children, Susan, who was the mother of the famous Major General Philip Kearny, and Mary Justina, who married the Honorable Frederic de Peyster, were the only children who carried this Watts line forward. There were no male descendants of John Watts, Jr. to carry on the family name.

Stephen Watts, the other brother of Robert and John, Jr., joined the British forces in the Revolution and seems to have almost entirely severed later his ties with the family. Stephen was in service with Sir John Johnson and became the British "Hero of Oriskany" in

1777, that dreadful battle which ended in the smashing defeat of General Herkimer. Stephen went to England to live and there married Miss Sarah Nugent. Only occasionally was his name mentioned in the family correspondence which has survived, but the impression is gained that Stephen prospered in England after a difficult beginning. His sister Mary Leake reported on him to their brother Robert in 1806 and Robert replied to Mary, "From your report of Stephen's Family, his wife must be a woman much given to thriving-amiable and pretty I have always understood her to be."

During the Revolution Robert Watts was well occupied with details of his father's estate which John Watts, Sr. had abandoned to his sons' care. In 1779 he had been attainted of treason and his estates forfeited to the people of New York and vested in them. It was not until 1784 that the commissioners of forfeiture were authorized to release the properties to Robert and John Watts Jr. In a deed dated 20 February 1786, Robert Watts and Mary his wife released to John Watts, Jr. one half part of the "Rose Hill" estate. This portion contained the dwelling house and other buildings in the surrounding park-like land.

Many letters passed between Robert and his exiled father concerning the details of John, Sr.'s financial situation and disposal of his holdings. Robert also undertook the management of the attainted estates of other exiles, especially other relatives'. The correspondence of John Watts, Sr. has survived and is preserved at the New-York Historical Society which has published selections from it as one volume in their Collections. Robert's letters did not meet the same fate, but those letters which have survived reveal a sensitive,quietly happy man who has weathered much tribulation. His correspondence with his sisters exiled in England is of special interest in that it shows his concerned, loving care for them and their's for him.

On 29 June 1789 Mary (Watts) Leake wrote to her brother Robert from England, "My father has given in my care [for you] his Watch and two seals, a pair of Silver Knee Buckles & a Stock Clasp all which he says he has had in wear since before you was born & leaves them not as Valuables but effect^{e} Memorials."

There is one letter to Mary Leake on 15 April 1806 in which Robert wrote,

"We are jogging on as usual, nothing very interesting to communicate--tolerable as to health-tolerable as to Spirits. Mine own [spirits] fail me tho the interesting time of life with my children gives me many serious moments. I don't mean as to their conduct - for I think highly of them--so much so that I do not know another family of five that I think more highly of -- this you may call personall blindness - however one thing I am persuaded of, that every affectionate parent must think well of his Children, but I have seen instances of those that do not - & sometimes where it is the parents not the children that are in fault. When I am most serious on this subject it is with respect to seeing them comfortably settled and satisfied with their situation. Robert commences lawyer in October - John whose only present Appellation is Doctor - lives and breathes only as a Doctor, so engaged in his profession & then proceed to practice here -- as to my daughters I shall say nothing, for I know you will accuse me of partiality. But at present it looks as if the Watts and Kearnys might fill a Nunnery."

During the period of reclamation of family properties the matter of the estate of Mrs. John Watts, Sr. had to be settled. If Robert's mother had left a will it must have been destroyed in either the Great Fire or the second fire of 2 August 1778. Robert wrote to his father concerning his mother's property and its disposal. His father replied that whatever could be salvaged would be Roberts' as the eldest son, since he, John, had never considered his wife's property part of the Watts estate. Since Robert had no specific knowledge of his mother's estate he wrote to his exiled uncle, Oliver Delancey, who was living in London. From Oliver, Robert received the following letter:

"London, 18 June 1784 to Robert Watts, Esq. at New York. I reclect very clearly your mother inherited as part of our mother's estate a lot on Nappingers' Creek in Rombout's patent, about 400 acres, to which as her heir at law you are entitled & you have in the same way 1/5 a 1/10 of the undivided part of Stephanus Van Cortland's Share in that Patent. You likewise have what lands fell to your mother's share -- several lotts in Courtland Manor from which I know your mother could not, after marriage to your father, divest her self from, as also 1/5 of 1/10 of the undivided lands in the Manor which are of considerable value. You have several lotts in Chenandehoa or Clifton Park [Saratoga County] that was bought of Henry Swift's heirs and executors of Henry Swift which may be seen

> in the mapp of those lands on record in the Secretary's office & know your lotts by the partition deed I think on record or if not the Widdow Delancey has the original deed amongst her husband's papers. You have likewise a great number of lotts in Minesink Patent, viz, two in the Argyle, one of 299 acres, one of 250, which Samuel Gale and Henry Desmer, Esq. can give you the best information of as they divided them for our Family, besides you have a great number of lots in the upper part of the same patent as divided by John Thomas and other Commissioners, these on the map on record in the Secretary's office, in which division you have seven lotts containing in the whole 5933 acres ... Your mother could not divest herself of these as there was no settlement before her marriage and she died in 1775. The papers you require from me are now before the Commissioner of American Claims. When I receive them I shall send them to you."

Subsequently the management of these various properties occupied a great deal of Robert's time, for claims and suits had to be instituted.

The lands were so scattered that Robert found it necessary to employ agents to look after his interests. After the war, as the hunger for new land was experienced in all the colonies, the wilderness areas of New York state had their appeal. Robert, and later his son Robert, Jr. employed John D. Dickinson of Lansingburgh, N.Y. as an agent for the so-called Northampton lands and Peter Betts of Bainbridge for the lands in Chenango County. The agents leased farm sites for Robert Watts, collected and forwarded rentals, but most importantly, kept an eye on the virgin timber that stood on the properties. In a letter which has survived, Peter Betts warned of depredations on the Watts properties in Chenango County: a Mr. Thairs had moved in and was "making great havoc among timber on the land cutting trees and shingle making." As so often happened, Mr. Thairs was able to move his operations elsewhere in the deep forests that covered Upper New York before anyone could deter him. This kind of sabotage cost all large landowners a great deal.

In the wake of the Revolution, New York City became the Capitol of the new United States. The city still largely lay in shambles, but there was a reawakened interest in making it a proper and fitting site

for the central government. The excitement attendant upon having the seat of government in the city was felt throughout the whole population. Those who had fled their homes and could, returned to rebuild or reclaim them. Public buildings had to be readied for use and suitable lodgings had to be found for the representatives and delegates from other states.

It was decided in September of 1788 that City Hall should be repaired for use by the general government. A plan for the rehabilitation was prepared by Major L'Enfant, but the city had no funds for the purpose. On 21 September 1788 it was announced that a number of citizens had advanced the necessary money. It is probable that Robert Watts was one of these, for the five commissioners chosen to supervise the rehabilitation were Robert Watts, Alexander Mc Comb, Major L'Enfant, James Nicholson and William Maxwell, all but L'Enfant being successful and wealthy merchants. The building was finished according to L'Enfants' plans but was not ready when the new general government was seated.

On February 4, 1789 the Presidential electors elected George Washington and John Adams the first President and Vice President of the United States. On April 6th the electoral returns were counted and messengers were dispatched to notify the men of their election. On April 16th George Washington left Mount Vernon for New York, arriving on April 23rd. Two days before this John Adams had reached the city, had taken the oath of office and was seated as presiding officer of the Senate. From April 23rd to April 30th, when Washington was inaugurated at New York as the first President, the week was given over to one grand ball and party after another in celebration of the event.

Lady Mary and her sister, the spritely and equally lovely Lady Kitty Duer, were in demand for attendance at most of society's celebrations of this historic week. Col. William, who had fought with the American army, was a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of New York State and was a member of the first national Congress. Both Lady Mary and Lady Kitty often assisted their cousin, Mrs. Jay, in receiving guests not only during this week of concentrated social celebration but during "the season" in New York. Mrs. [Gov.] Clinton, Mrs. [Chancellor] Livingston, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Lady Stirling, Lady Mary Watts and Lady Kitty Duer were chief among the

group of ladies who received Mr. Washington at the May 1789 Inaugural Ball.

Although Robert Watts' life was not filled with the outstanding public services rendered by his brother John, he was not remiss in his participation. As early as 1768 he was a member of the committee which founded the New York Chamber of Commerce. He succeeded his father as a Trustee of the New York Society Library in 1788. Among the twelve Trustees chosen in December 1788, three were sons of the original Trustees of 1774; Chancellor Robert Livingston, Robert Watts and Brockholst Livingston. One of his less known activities was as an election inspector in the city. As a lawyer he filed many petitions with the New York City Council for improvements during the reconstruction period.

In 1799 New York City passed a law which would gradually manumit the slaves in the city. There is no evidence found that the Watts family held slaves, although it would have been quite natural for them to have done so. A letter dated 1 March 1792 from Robert Watts addressed to "The President of the Committee" for the Newark [N.J.] Academy is evidently a business communication which deals with this topic in an unique manner:

> "Sir, I am glad to find some Wood has been procured from Capt. Kennedy's Farm that answers the purpose of burning Brick.
> Instead of timber I have a proposal to make -- & to offer a more valuable consideration -- it will answer several good purposes -- shew that Capt. Kennedy can get justice done him -- be a tolerable Sum to the Academy, and put Capt. Kennedy's Family in the Situation of having an Interest in the Academy while he or his Children retained the Estate in Jersey.
> Mr. Hedden has a Servant, Jim, the property of Archibald Kennedy who is certainly worth Sixty Pounds -- Mr. Hedden has had him many years, and I am willing to qualify that some years ago-- I believe Five or Six, he promised to pay yearly wages for him. Now he objects to do any thing or make any payment -- The Mans Hire that is due would exceed Sixty Pounds and that with the Price of purchase would give a decent subscription -- I consider it at least £100.
> If this is agreeable I will give a Bill of Sale for the Man for the use mentioned.
> Be so good as to take this into your Consideration and when you have determined inform
>
> Sir Yr Humble Servt
> Robert Watts"

One cannot help but wonder what other paths Robert Watts found it necessary to follow to settle other estates satisfactorily and whether this particular letter was ever delivered, for what appears to be the original, not a letter-copy, has been preserved.

Throughout the years of post war reconstruction the Robert Watts family kept in close touch with their exiled friends and relatives not only through business channels, but also through friendly and concerned correspondence. Many of these letters reveal the character of Robert Watts as well as his attitudes toward the post war situations among which he lived.

Writing in 1806 to his sister Mrs. Leake in London, Robert wrote:

> "In expense and folly we now equal London. This is a great handicap to matrimony. Formerly young folks loved and married. Times are altered and the means of support. The means of supporting a family becomes a frightful consideration."

In the same letter he states,

> "Property in the neighboring town of New York [he was living outside the city limits in Fordham at his own Rose Hill] has so risen that pieces of ground that have sold since the Revolution for £50 have lately in many instances sold for £1000. We are borne down by the immensity of paper flowing from the banks in every direction & to this false representation of money we may attribute all our luxury & all our ideal value of property. The neutral commerce has, it is true, been the source of real wealth to this country, but the paper has been the occasion of an injurious credit... The innundation of foreigners from all quarters has raised everything to a pitch that makes it difficult for many to rub through."

In 1811, writing to Mrs. Leake about his family, now all adults, Robert Watts wrote,

> "I profess myself partial to my children one and all. I have endeavored from their Infancy to avoid any tender preference to one in particular-have endeavored to give them a good Education-founded on Principles of Religion and I think that with safety I may say no parent that has five children only, has Five that are better. They love one another, are kind and affectionate towards one another. That queer thing, Fancy, does sometimes lead to circumstances that are not always the choice of a parent, but the Dr.[John] I think makes a good husband (I am sure this letter ought to be private, I mean this part of it) and so long as all is well we must make the best of it. My son Robert I have settled

on a Farm adjoining me. It was so much his choice to be a Farmer, that I thought it best to countenance his choice. He has a good understanding & would probably shine in the practice of the Law, from the opinion I have of good Judges to whom he is well known. My second daughter [Anna] has a good and kind husband in Mr. Kearny [John Watts Kearny]. She has lost three children young, has three living, Philip 5 yrs. old, Robert Watts 4 yrs. old and Mary one year old and by the first of January expects from her appearance one, two or three more. "Increase and multiply and replenish the Earth was the first Command." It would not be fair to omit the mention of my daughter Cate, who is as good as any of them likely enough and as amiable as need be -- it looks as if the lads were blinded both in eye and understanding, that She is still Miss Watts -- what an old triffler [wissler?]. This letter, if not entirely private, has very little to communicate but what would lead anyone to say I am a foolish Father. Lest you should say to yourself has not my Brother a Wife I will tell you that I have a Dear Old Lady. She is at my side at Rose Hill mending my Stockings, her Spectacles on her Nose, while your young brother never wears one & is writing this by candlelight-nearly 10 o'clock in the evening - Solus cum Sola - all the rest dispersed - indeed Kitty is our only inmate and she went from this with her Aunt Kearny ten days ago."

The latter years of Robert Watts' life,then, were lived in quiet and enjoyment of his family, but he continued to manage the remaining estates of the exiles while he seems to have pursued his mercantile interests. His health began to fail about 1812 after he wrote to his sister at the end of 1811 telling her,"Sixty-seven years I have passed. How few reach them, and how much fewer still in all the Enjoyments through life that can tend to make it comfortable and happy. I often think that I have been the particular care of Providence."

Robert's health decline led him to leave "Rose Hill", perhaps to seek better medical attention in Philadelphia where Dr. Rush was practicing. Modern surgical techniques had not yet been designed so there was no hope of curing his ailment and prolonging his life, only, it is hoped, some easement of his pain was administered. He died in Rosborough in September 1814 of a "strangury" [prostate] and his body was brought to New York City for burial.

The monument over Robert Watts' grave in Trinity Churchyard

states he died 16 September 1814 at 71 years, but the announcement of his death in Philadelphia states he died on 14 September. The probability is that Robert was buried on the 16th, for the trip from Philadelphia by horse-drawn vehicle would have taken at least two days.

Children of Roberts Watts and Lady Mary (Alexander) Watts:

i. Ann born 1775; died in infancy

ii. John born 1776; died in infancy

iii. Sarah Maria born 1778 at "Rose Hill", New York City, married first Nicholas Romeyn, M.D., of Bath, England and at age 73 married second, Bertram Peter Crugar. There were no children.

iv. Ann born 22 January 1780, died 2 May 1835; married 21 December 1803 John Watts Kearny her cousin, son of Philip and Susanna (Watts) Kearny, born 11 November 1778, died 27 December 1852. There were 11 children. Following Anna's death, John Watts Kearny married a second time and had 8 more children.

v. Catherine born 1782 who married Henry Barclay, the son of Colonel Barclay, British Consul to New York. She died without issue.

vi. Susanna Frances born 1782/3; died infancy.

+ vii. ROBERT WATTS born 19 September 1784

viii. John born 1786; died 4 February 1831; married 1813 Anna, daugter of Hon. John Rutherford of Belleville, N.J. John Watts graduated from Columbia College in 1804. He earned his M.D. degree at Edinburgh College in 1809, was President of New York College of Physicians and Surgeons 1826 to his death in 1831. There were five children.

ix. William born 1787 died at age 6 yrs.

ROBERT WATTS (1784-1850)

Robert[4] Watts (Robert[3], John[2], Robert[1])

Robert Watts, eldest son of Robert and Lady Mary (Alexander) Watts, was born in New York City 19 September 1784; died 4 September 1850 at Stockbridge, Mass. He married June 1811 Matilda Frances Sherborne Ridley, daughter of Matthew and Catharine (Livingston) Ridley, born Baltimore, Md., 19 November 1789. She died in New York City 3 January 1862.

The year before Robert Watts was born, the American Revolution had ended with the disbanding of Washington's Army. On November 25th, 1783 the last of the British troops sailed out of New York harbor. This event, so long desired by the new nation, was one of great rejoicing, celebrated as a holiday for nearly a century. Young Robert must have enjoyed many of the Evacuation Day celebrations during his lifetime.

Robert's advent must have caused rejoicing, too, for he was the first son to survive, and the sixth child. Of his childhood nothing specific is known, but he grew up in a postwar world, in the rapidly changing city of New York. His lifetime spanned the years in which a new nation was taking its first independent steps while waves of migrants sought refuge here from European repressions and poverty. In November 1811, when Robert was 27 and married, his father wrote to one of the exiled aunts still living in London [Margaret (Watts) Leake]:

> "I have endeavored from their infancy to avoid any tender preference to one child in particular...have endeavored to give them a good education..."

Robert's earliest education at home and in private schools prepared him for Columbia College from which he graduated in 1803 at the age of 19. It is probable that, as was the custom, he spent a short time reading law, with some minor practice in the city courts. In early 1806 his father wrote, "Robert commences lawyer in October," but Robert had decided he was not going to be a lawyer; he had other plans that did not include following in his father's footsteps.

Whether he accepted assignments or commissions from his father is not entirely clear from their correspondence which has survived.

MATILDA FRANCES SHERBORNE RIDLEY
(Mrs. Robert Watts)

1789 - 1862

He undertook some extended visiting in Philadelphia where he stayed with Mr. Smyth, a friend of the family. From Washington and Baltimore he wrote to his father concerning the fine reception and pleasure he and his brother John were receiving among their friends and relatives during 1806 and 1807. In 1807 his father had deeded to Robert large parcels of the land originally owned by his grandmother, Ann De Lancey, land in Greene, Saratoga, Chenango, Renssalaer and Montgomery Counties of New York State. There is no evidence that young Robert ever visited any of these extensive properties, but from 1806 to 1808 letters concerning the properties were being exchanged between him and his agents. He had hired as one of his agents Peter Betts of Bettsburgh, Chenango County, who had also served Robert Watts, Sr. in a similar capacity, and who was overseeing sales and rentals of the heavily wooded properties as well as keeping watch for the human predators who could and did quietly slip into the forests, cut virgin timber into boards and shingles, sell it for a fat profit, then were gone before the law could act. These depredations continued until most of the green virgin forests had been cleared for farm lands. In 1814 a letter to Robert states "Mr. Thairs making great havoc among timber on [your] land."

As Robert grew to maturity in New York City he was undoubtedly deeply aware of the task his father accomplished in reclaiming the family lands which were confiscated. With so much of these properties his by right of inheritance and gift, there can be no doubt that this was one of the determining factors in his final decision to abandon the law. Now, 27 years old, scion of an illustrious family, he had earned a reputation as a most unaffectedly and naturally witty man, a man of noble stature. In short, he was a popular young man who moved easily into the role he had deliberately chosen for himself: a country gentleman.

In January 1811 Robert Watts, Sr. reported to Mrs. Leake, "Robert gone a-wooing." Robert, Jr. had found the lady of his choice at Livingston Manor, a place familiar to him since childhood and where he, too, was now a proprietor. She was Matilda Frances Sherborne Ridley. Her mother, the former Catharine Livingston, was a daughter of New Jersey's Governor William Livingston who had married first,Matthew Ridley.

Following her husband's very early death in 1789, Mrs. Ridley had married in 1796 her cousin, John Livingston of Livingston Manor, and had taken young seven year old Matilda with her to live at "Oakwood Hall" in the Manor. The marriage of Robert and Matilda in June 1811 was in the best family tradition, for it linked once more two of the fine families that had survived the holocaust of revolution. [See Matthew Ridley].

In November 1811 Robert Watts, Sr. wrote to his sister in London:

> "My son Robert and his wife I have settled on the Farm adjoining me as it was so much his choice to be a Farmer, that I thought it best to countenance his choice. He has a good understanding & would probably shine in the practice of the Law, from the opinions I have of good Judges to whom he is well known."

Although Robert adhered to his chosen role as a country gentleman-farmer his "good understanding" earned him the nickname "Judge".

Robert and Matilda settled happily into the small but comfortable house on "The Farm". During this period mail reached them addressed to "Sherborne," West Farms Post Office, Westchester County, N.Y. They had given the Farm one of Matilda's family names.

In August 1812 their first son was born at "Sherborne", probably causing rejoicing to his Watts grandparents who lived so nearby at "Rose Hill". However, Robert Watts, Sr. did not live to greet the second child, Alexander, who was born in 1815 at "Rose Hill". Following the death of Robert Watts, Sr., in September 1814, Robert, Jr. and Matilda rented "Sherborne" to a tenant farmer and moved into the larger estate, "Rose Hill", which Robert had inherited.

There is no evidence found that Robert ever deviated from his determination to be a country-gentleman farmer. His name does not appear in connection with public services in New York or Westchester Counties nor later in Massachusetts. He chose to live in Fordham Manor at "Rose Hill" which was north of the city of New York, but he and Matilda were not recluses. They maintained a lavish life style consonant with their social position. They enjoyed the company of their numerous relatives and friends who moved with them in the upper strata of the social life of their period. Robert managed his inherited properties, rented and sold land in all the burgeoning communities in

New York State, while he enjoyed his life of comparative leisure. He gained a reputation as a wit and humorist and was much in demand for this attribute at social gatherings. The impression is that he lived as a "lord of the manor", his income derived from the depletion of the fine properties he had inherited and in which he speculated.

Times were changing, however, for the growing pains of the new nation were causing expansion of the city of New York, - reaching out for more and more room to house and otherwise accommodate the thousands flocking to the city to share in its phenominal growth. "Rose Hill" was destined to become part of that urban encroachment. A great road building and street paving project had begun shortly after the war, soon to be followed by new state lines and the opening of railroads with New York City as their terminus. "Rose Hill" lost its desirability as a gentleman-farmer's retreat as more and more friends moved into more suburban areas. Perhaps reduced income and failing health also played a part in the decision to sell the Westchester property, where Robert and his four sons had been born. Before 1830 this beautiful estate was sold and after at least one other owner, eventually became the site of Fordham University. In colonial days the property had been owned by the Dutch Reformed Church.

Robert and Matilda Watts removed to Franklin County, N.Y., where in March of 1831 he made his brief will which was probated in Massachusetts in 1850. Deeds in possession of his descendants show that as early as 1815 Robert had purchased 28,284 acres of land on speculation in Moira, Franklin County, in Macomb's Purchase. It is possible he established a home there for a short time after selling his "Rose Hill" estate.

Susan Ann, the older sister of Matilda Watts, had married Theodore Sedgwick, Jr. and lived in Stockbridge, Mass. Robert and Matilda are found in the 1840 census living there with Susan Ann Sedgwick. They were still on the Sedgwick estate in June 1850, with Robert Watts III, age 13, son of Dr. Robert Watts, living with them. Their son Alexander Watts had married in April 1849 a niece of Susan Ann, Fanny Sedgwick, daughter of Henry D. and Jane Sedgwick.

When Robert Watts died on 4 September 1850, his estate was ap-

SUSAN ANN LIVINGSTON RIDLEY
(Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick,Jr.)

1788 - 1867

praised at $6,000. His very brief will made 28 March 1831 in Franklin County, N.Y., was witnessed by two of his cousins, Philip J. Kearny and Edward Kearny, both of New York City. That date probably marked the time the Watts left the city. In the will there is just one bequest, "I devise and bequeath unto my wife all my estate, real and personal." His wife was named Executrix. On 5 November 1850 Matilda Watts of Stockbridge applied for probate of the will naming the heirs at law Robert, Alexander, Ridley and Essex Watts, the sons. The Court required a $2,000 bond to be posted which was done by Matilda Watts of Stockbridge, Ridley Watts of New York City and Charles Sedgwick of Lenox, Massachusetts, their attorney, on 4 February 1851.

Robert was interred in the Stockbridge Cemetery on Main Street. His wife returned to New York City where she lived with her son, Dr. Robert Watts, at 42 East 12th Street. Ridley Watts and his wife were living not too far away at 27 East 20th Street. Matilda died at Robert's home on 2 January 1862 age 73 years and was interred next to her husband in the Stockbridge Cemetery.

Children of Robert and Matilda Frances Sherborne (Ridley) Watts, all born in Fordham Manor, Westchester County, N.Y.:

\+ i. ROBERT WATTS born 31 August 1812 at "Sherborne", "The Farm".

ii. Alexander Watts born 15 May 1815 at "Rose Hill"; died 8 November 1860 at Stockbridge, Mass. He married 23 April 1849 Frances (Fanny) Sedgwick, daughter of Henry D. and Jane Sedgwick, born 6 September 1822 at Stockbridge, died there 21 December 1858. There were two sons: Alexander (1852-1860) and Henry Sedgwick Watts born 9 April 1858, died at Nice, France, 3 June 1893. All are interred in the Sedgwick plot of the Stockbridge Cemetery.

iii. Ridley Watts born 8 March 1817 at "Rose Hill" who married 19 June 1851 Sarah Grinnell, daughter of Henry Grinnell. Their children were Frances Sherborne Watts born 29 August 1858 and Sarah Minturn Watts born 10 July 1854 who died 25 March 1873 in Florence, Italy.

iv. Essex Watts born 28 March 1819 at "Rose Hill"; married in 1849 Mary Scott Kearney, daughter of Rev. Revaud Kearney. No issue.

ROBERT WATTS, M.D.

1812 - 1867

ROBERT WATTS, M.D. (1812-1867)

Robert[5] Watts (Robert[4,3], John[2], Robert[1])

Robert Watts, eldest son of Robert Watts and his wife Matilda Frances Sherborne Ridley, was born 31 August 1812 at "Sherborne", the family farm-estate at Fordham Manor, Westchester County, N.Y.; died in Paris, France, 8 September 1867, his body returned to New York City where he was buried at St. Marks in-the-Bouerie. He married on 7 July 1836 at "Chestnut Lodge", Saugerties, Ulster County, N.Y., Charlotte Deas, daughter of William Allen Deas and his wife Anne Izard, born in Philadelphia, Pa., 22 June 1809. She died 23 January 1868 at New York City and is buried with her husband.

Young Robert Watts was a brilliant student and became the well-known and widely recognized anatomist and professor of anatomy at Columbia College. He was sent to the foremost preparatory school, the celebrated Round Hill in Northampton, Mass., where his preceptors were George Bancroft and Joseph G. Cogswell. Attending the same school was Robert's cousin, later to become the renowned Major General Philip Kearny.

From Round Hill Robert matriculated at Columbia College from which he graduated in 1830 at the age of 18. He then began his medical studies in the office of that great physician , Dr. Willard Parker, and attended medical classes at Pittsfield, Mass., and Woodstock, Vt. During his medical undergraduate days he was appointed a lecturer on anatomy at Vermont Medical College. Later he went to New York City where he studied under Dr. Alexander Stephens. In 1835 he passed his examinations and received his diploma from the College of Physicians and Surgeons and also an honorary degree from the Berkshire Medical College. Two years later Dr. Watts was appointed Professor of Anatomy at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, a chair which he occupied for thirty years, until his death. In 1848 Dr. Watts became President of the New York Pathological Society of which he had been a founder. A Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, from 1859 he was an attending physician at the Child's and Nursery Hospital.

With all these activities he still found time to contribute many articles to medical periodicals and to revise and edit with notes several manuals of anatomy. His fine reputation as an outstanding anatomist was well deserved and publicly acknowledged. Throughout his teach-

CHARLOTTE DEAS
(Mrs. Robert Watts)

1809 - 1868

ing and lecturing career Dr. Watts also carried on a private and very active medical practice.

Dr. Robert chose for his wife the beautiful Charlotte Deas. Like Robert, she, too, was a descendant of the aristocratic colonial families and was a distant relative of Robert. Her father was William Allen Deas, scion of a wealthy merchant family of Scottish origin, a South Carolina lawyer who had studied law at the Temple Bar in London, and who had become a Senator in the South Carolina Assembly.

Charlotte's mother was Anne Izard, one of the daughters of Ralph Izard and Alice De Lancey. Ralph Izard of South Carolina was the heir presumptive to his grandfather's title of "Earl of Stirling". Charlotte's husband Robert was a grandson of Lady Mary Alexander, one of Lord Stirling's daughters who had died in 1831. (See Robert[3] Watts)

After Senator Deas was killed in a carriage accident in 1828, his wife and children lived with Mrs. Ralph Izard in Philadelphia until that lady died in 1832 at the age of 87 years. It is a family tradition that all the Deas children were noted for their beautiful manners. Writing about Charlotte, one of her grandchildren notes, "She was a great favorite in social circles on account of her charm of manners."

One of Charlotte's brothers, Fitz Allen Deas, had married Lavinia Randolph of "Norwood", James River, Virginia. A Navy man, Fitz Allen Deas was away from home for long periods of time. Lavinia wanted a home where all the family could visit freely, especially in summer time, so she purchased a house in Saugerties, N.Y. She named it "Chestnut Lodge". It was in this house, filled to overflowing with family and friends that Dr. Robert Watts and Charlotte Deas were married on 7 July 1836 by Rev. Cicero Hawkes.

Robert and his beautiful wife established their home in New York City where Robert's career was assured. The city was growing and expanding in every direction, but the desirable social area now centered on Fifth Avenue or on upper Broadway as the residential districts moved uptown. Post-Revolutionary War growth had been rapid in the city, but with the waves of immigrants about to flood into and wash across the metropolis, the very density of the population would change any lingering vestiges of its former rural life.

The home life of the Dr. Robert Watts family in the city was as

busy as the doctor's professional life. The young couple moved in the social circles into which both had been born. Their three girls and two boys who survived to grow up in a gracious home were surrounded with traditional kindness and family affection.

One uncle, much loved by the young people, was Col. George Deas, their mother Charlotte's brother. He was a frequent visitor to the Watts' home in New York before the Civil War, possibly because Mrs. Anne (Izard) Deas, his and Charlotte's mother, was living with the Watts. It has been recorded by a descendant that the Watts children were allowed to visit their Deas grandmother in her bedroom after breakfast. She had in her room a small trunk containing family papers of her father, Senator Ralph Izard. She entertained the children with stories concerning their maternal ancestors, and especially her father, who was an ardent, but often suspected, patriot in the days of the American Revolution.

Never very robust, the arduous and demanding life Dr. Robert had chosen for himself, took its toll of this brilliant man too soon. He finally was persuaded to relax by taking a trip to Paris, for in those days a long Atlantic crossing often proved highly beneficial. He did not regain his health, however, and died in Paris on 8 September 1867. His body was returned to New York and at the time of his funeral a friend wrote to the newspaper, "Dr. Watts died, not rich, but he left to the troop of friends he had around him, the memory of a gentle and noble life. He was a joyous spirit in a suffering frame." His students did him the singular honor of wearing a badge of mourning for twenty days. Dr. Robert had lived only 55 years, but it was long enough to see his oldest son and namesake follow in his father's footsteps and achieve an outstanding surgical reputation in the Civil War, that theatre of the greatest operating cases the world had ever known.

Robert's wife Charlotte, who was three years older than her husband, lived only four months longer than he did. She died at their home, 65 East 14th Street in New York City on 23 January 1868, aged 59 years, and was buried with her husband.

Children of Robert and Charlotte (Deas) Watts:

i. Robert (M.D.) born 1837; died 1917; married 1864 Frances Kellogg

ii. Alice Izard born 1841; married 1875 Henry Fulton

+ iii. WILLIAM born 6 May 1844

iv. Matilda born 1847

v. Edward born 1849; died 1854

vi. John born 1851; died 1854

vii. Anne born 1853; died 1871

WILLIAM WATTS

1844 - 1914

WILLIAM WATTS (1844-1914)

William[6] Watts (Robert[5,4,3], John[2], Robert[1])

William Watts, son of Dr. Robert and his wife Charlotte (Deas) Watts, was born 6 May 1844 at 231 Ninth Street, New York City; died at Morristown, N.J., 1 January 1914. He married on 4 November 1868 Mary Adeline Bigelow, daughter of Edward and Caroline (Boies) Bigelow, born at Malden, N.Y., 7 May 1847. She died 29 January 1921 at Morristown.

It is not known whether William Watts attended Round Hill School in Northampton, Mass., as had his father. It is possible he received his early education at public schools in New York City. Unlike his older brother, Robert, he was not attracted to medicine as a career. Perhaps the Civil War had some influence on his choice, but more likely he chose to follow the sea because his family had been in association with George Bancroft and Henry Grinnell*, so the Naval Academy with its popularity as an adjunct of the expanding United States Navy, would have had a strong appeal.

At the age of 18, William was ready for Annapolis where he became a midshipman on 10 April 1862, graduating in June 1866. He was immediately assigned to the IROQUOIS on which he served for three years in Asian waters. On 12 November 1868 he achieved the rank of Ensign and on one of his leaves in November of that year he married Mary Bigelow.

Having been made a Master on 26 March 1869, William Watts was assigned to duty on the practice ship MACEDONIAN. A year later, on 21 March 1870 he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant and sailed with the North Atlantic Fleet aboard the second-rate CONGRESS until 1871. From 1872 to 1873 he was in the torpedo service and then was transferred to the flagship BROOKLYN which cruised with the South Atlantic

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*George Bancroft was one of the founders of Round Hill School. Later he became Secretary of the Navy, when he founded the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1845. Henry Grinnell was the man responsible for the exploration of the Arctic coast. Bancroft and Grinnell were two of twenty founders of the American Geographical Society in 1854, another of whom was Ridley Watts, uncle of William Watts.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watts with
Florence Watts, their grandaughter

Fleet from 1874 to 1875. Until 1876 he served with the South Atlantic Fleet at their station on the MONONGEHELA then was sent to serve first in Ordnance duty and from 1879 to 1880 aboard the ALERT at the New York Navy Yard, Brooklyn.

It was while serving in Brooklyn that William Watts received a severe head injury from a piece of gear that fell from the rigging and he was incapacitated for further work in the Navy. His career had been active and satisfying to him and so he retired reluctantly after fourteen years of service, with the rank and pay of Lt. Commander.

Still a comparatively young man, not yet forty years old, William moved his family from Brooklyn to New Jersey. They settled in Morristown on Franklin Street in a house large enough to accommodate the five young children then ranging in age from two to eleven years. By 1887 two more children were born, one of whom died young.

William Watts was never able to work again at his chosen profession, but he never lost his interest in the Naval Academy. He also followed its football record with keen delight to the end of his life. His grandson, Ridley Watts, remembers vividly the many occasions on which he accompanied his grandfather Watts to the Army-Navy games in Philadelphia or West Point:

> "Grandfather was a quiet spoken, gentle man whose face was unusual because of the large, droopy white mustache he always wore. One year he took me to West Point where Uncle John Bigelow lived, and we spent two days watching the cadets drill, attended retreat and had a thoroughly good time. There was only one really exciting incident. Grandfather and I slept in the same hotel room and one night I was wakened by his shouting and calling out orders. I was horrified as I had never heard such language- real Navy profanity- and I was afraid to mention it later because I never heard Grandfather use slang, let alone swear."

Life in Morristown for William and his wife was as quiet as a Victorian home with seven children could be. Sundays were for going to Sunday School and church and the other six days for work and study. The social life was far removed from that in the seaports of Newport, R. I. and Brooklyn, N.Y. where they had lived, but they had a close and happy family life in the small town.

Mrs. Watts was a member of the various local church organiza-

tions. She recognized the need of many women for supplemental income in that period and therefore founded the Morristown Women's Work and Art Exchange. Women who could bake, sew, embroider, knit or paint were encouraged to offer their products for sale through the Exchange, which prospered.

As their children grew to maturity, married and moved away, there were frequent visits home to Morristown and summer vacations spent together at Bay Head or some other New Jersey shore resort. Their grandchildren remember fondly the humor, kindness and gentleness of both their Watts grandparents, as well as their personal concern and deep interest in all the family members.

Children of William and Mary Adeline (Bigelow) Watts:

i. Mary born 6 November 1869; married 1893 Stewart Chaplin

\+ ii. RIDLEY born 5 April 1872

iii. Margaret King born 23 May 1873; married 1899 Sameul Cochran, M.D.

iv. William Alexander born 22 November 1878 at Brooklyn, N.Y.; married 1) in 1921 Irene Coltart who died 1928; married 2) in 1931 Ruth Charlotte White

v. Anne Izard born 17 November 1881; married in 1903 Henry Shaw, Jr.; died at Morristown, N.J.

vi. Robert Morss born about 1884; died in infancy

vii. Bigelow born 10 January 1887 at Morristown, N.J.; married in 1922 Helen Spader; died in N.Y. City.

HARRY E. HOY, SR.

FLORENCE VAN EPPS

(Mrs. Harry E. Hoy, Sr.)

RIDLEY WATTS, SR.
1872 - 1937

RIDLEY WATTS, SR. (1872 - 1937)

Ridley[7] Watts (William[6], Robert[5,4,3], John[2], Robert[1])

Ridley Watts, son of Lt. Com. William Watts and his wife Mary Adeline (Bigelow) Watts, was born at Newport, R.I., 5 April 1872; died at Beekman Hospital in New York City on 31 December 1937. He married 24 May 1900 at Morristown, N.J., Gertrude Van Epps Hoy, daughter of Harry E. and Florence (Van Epps) Hoy of Morristown, born 23 November 1873 at Staten Island, N.Y., died 22 September 1947 at Morristown, N.J. Both are interred in Evergreen Cemetery, Morristown.

Ridley Watts, one of seven children, was educated in the public schools of Morristown. His parents were not wealthy, but had always been accepted naturally in good social circles, since both were by birth well connected. When it came time for young Ridley, at age 18, to build a career for himself, he turned to New York City. The story is told of him that he applied for a job with the New York Life Insurance Company, but "they failed to recognize his talents." Three decades later they asked him to serve as a Trustee, which he did.

Undaunted by this and possibly other refusals, Ridley Watts found employment through a family connection. When the very young Ridley applied to the head of Grinnell, Willis & Co.,* the well-known and successful commission house in New York, the answer was that they would let him know. The next day he received a gracious letter stating that if he wished he could be "an office boy on trial at $3.00 per week." Watts accepted the position with alacrity. For a quarter of a century he remained with the company and by then he owned the business. Grinnell, Willis & Co. became Ridley Watts & Co. He had succeeded in the same kind of business in which his Watts forebears had prospered, and had helped to build it into one of the big commission houses of the world.

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* See footnote first page of William[6] Watts

GERTRUDE VAN EPPS HOY
(Mrs. Ridley Watts, Sr.)

1872 - 1937

When World War I erupted, Watts' company continued to prosper. As so often happens when a man is so outstandingly competent and successful, many honors and responsibilities came to him. He served as head of the textile division of the Liberty Loan drives during the war and was a member of the War Work Council of the YMCA. Directorships and trusteeships multiplied for Ridley Watts: he was a director of the Continental Insurance Company, New York Life Insurance Company, Chemical Bank of New York, the Industrial Cotton Mills, Inc. of Rock Hill, S.C., the Marion Manufacturing Company of Marion, N.C., Norris, S.C. Cotton Mills Co., the Wallace Manufacturing Company of Jonesville, S.C., the Piedmont Company of Piedmont, S.C., the Victor-Monoghan Company of Greenville, S.C., the Morristown, N.J. Trust Company, the Morristown Securities Corporation of New York, and he was chairman of the Association of Cotton Textile Merchants.

In 1924 Watts was one of the organizers and the first chairman of the New York City Committee of Crusaders, an organization which was formed "to preserve, protect and defend" the Constitution of the United States and to arouse the people to a more alert and active interest in the nation's affairs.

Ridley Watts' interests did not center entirely in business-related activities. He also was prominent in local civic affairs. For many years he was a Vestryman of St. Peter's Church in Morristown and served several terms on the Board of Managers of the N.J. State Hospital at Graystone Park. His busy and active life still left him time for his family and the activities of his four sons and one daughter.

In 1929 when the great depression hit, Ridley Watts & Co. was affected by the general slump in business. He had built a good fortune for himself and his family, but it was mostly lost in those years that saw the financial downfall of many a noteworthy business.

When Ridley Watts retired from his business he left it with an annual turn-over of some twenty million dollars. His ancestor, John Watts, had written his doubts concerning his children recovering from the wreck of his own colonial fortune, but he could not foresee

that their heritage would carry them through, even to the seventh generation.

The Christmas holidays of 1937 were not a happy time for Ridley Watts' family. He and his wife, who were living in New York City, had planned to pass the holidays at their home in Morristown, as had been their custom for many years. On Christmas eve Ridley was stricken with a heart attack at his office and was taken to the Beekman Street Hospital in New York. He died there on New Year's eve, aged 65 years. Funeral services were held at St. Peter's Church, Morristown, on 2 January 1938 with many leaders in the financial world attending. The twenty-four honorary pall bearers, all of them his friends active in the business world, were men of notable achievement.

Children of Ridley and Gertrude Van Epps (Hoy) Watts, all born in Morristown, N.J.:

\+ i. RIDLEY WATTS born 12 May 1901

\+ ii. Erwin Hoy Watts born 1903

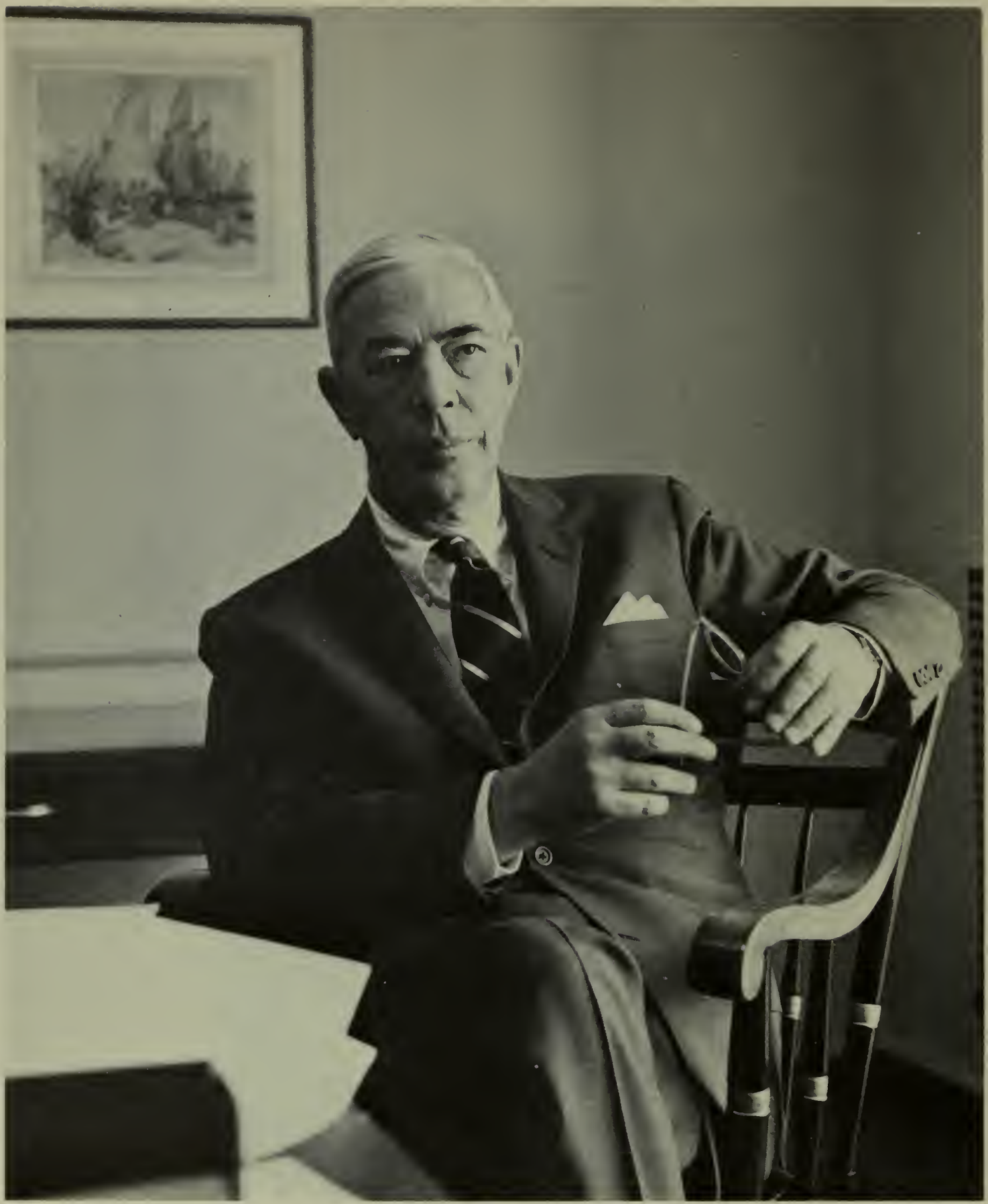
\+ iii. John Watts born 28 August 1905

\+ iv. Philip Howell Watts born 4 October 1908

\+ v. Florence Watts born 21 August 1910

Harry Hoy, Jr. holding John Watts, Gertrude (Hoy) Watts, Mary (Bigelow) Watts, William Watts, Florence (Van Epps) Hoy, Erwin Hoy Watts, Ridley Watts

Back: Ridley, Erwin H., Philip H. and John Watts
Front: Ridley Watts, Sr., Florence and Mrs. Ridley Watts, Sr.



RIDLEY WATTS
1901 -

RIDLEY WATTS (1901 -)

Ridley[8] Watts (Ridley[7], William[6], Robert [5,4,3], John[2], Robert[1])

Ridley Watts, son of Ridley and Gertrude Van Epps (Hoy) Watts, was born at Morristown, N.J., 12 May 1901. He married at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, on 25 February 1928 Mary Stuart Cottrell, daughter of Calvert Byron and Agnes (Clark) Cottrell of Newark N.J., born at Westerly, R.I., 7 July 1901.

When he was asked to prepare autobiographical notes for inclusion in this, his family history, Ridley Watts wrote a paper which is so replete with his own character and personality that rather than abstract it, the whole essay is given here. No one knows his own life better than does he, and in what follows, he shows himself in all the areas and aspects of his life he has covered, as another worthy descendant of his family line. [H.S.-R]

Morristown in the early 1900's was a relatively small town. My first recollections are of our house on Franklin Place which had slate side walks and a macadam topped street. There were almost no automobiles, but many carriages and delivery wagons and in winter sleighs of all kinds provided the young with great sport. One of our special treats was to get on the back step of the ice wagon and eat the chips which was a specially daring activity because the driver had a long whip which he used on small boys as well as on his horse. One of the treats we had in town was a three piece German band that used to walk from house to house playing with great gusto until someone gave them a few coins.

I also remember the spring when the Italian women and children would invade anyone's lawn and dig out dandelions. At a somewhat later age I remember the wild hockey games played in the street. We wore our roller skates, used a hard rubber ball as a puck and had short sticks to hit with. It was rough and tough, but always had to stop when a carriage came by.

One of my first recollections is of standing beside my mother at the front door. I could not see over the lower part of the door, but I remember hearing the shocked voice of my mother when the mail man told her about the sinking of the Titanic. The following Sunday when I was in church with my father, mother and younger brothers, I

was astonished to see my mother and many others crying when the hymn 'Nearer My God to Thee' was sung.

On Sundays we always went over to Grandfather and Grandmother Watts for family dinner. We had to be dressed formally and as soon as we arrived, we went into the living room. Grandmother, who was a frail, white haired lady, read selections from the Bible. Dinner was a four or five course meal, everyone seated around a large table. We children were often reminded that it was better to be seen and not heard. After lunch we had to sit on the porch quietly, which was a terrible strain, as we were not allowed to play on Sunday.

I have memories of my grandfather particularly because he took me on several occasions to the Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia. [See William[6] Watts].

I remember being a member of Boy Scout Troop #5 which was sponsored by the Presbyterian Church and our trips up to Fort Nonsense for overnight camp-outs. I also have clear memories of Miss Sutphen's School which was located just two houses down from us on Franklin Place. Miss Sutphen was a small, energetic woman who scared all of us half to death because of a switch she always carried and used often. It was a simple, quiet life where walking was the only means of getting around until you were old enough to ride a bicycle and where reading was the major activity after supper was over.

I went to St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H. in 1914 largely because my family heard about it from their friends in Morristown who had sons there. I remember the feeling of loneliness I had when I was put on the train in New York, alone and not knowing anyone or even where I was going. However, as I look back on my five years at St. Paul's I must say that I found those years happy ones. I was not a good athlete and only a mediocre student, but I worked hard at both activities and became quite a serious young man. I became a good oar and was elected vice-president of the class in 5th form year.

Harvard was a great experience, but as I look back, I realize that I wasted a great opportunity. On the other hand, I made many friends who have been a part of my life ever since. My class - 1923 - was the first four year class after the first World War, so that we private school boys were thrown in with men who had been to war and

had come back to college life, which they considered a time for fun and frolic. None of us did much work, we drank quite a lot and we found the Boston girls attractive.

My first experience in Boston came about one evening when about six or seven of us were sitting around in a local boarding house testing out our new-found drinking abilities. We were all cramming at the Widow Nolan's, a tutoring establishment. I had transferred from Princeton to Harvard during the summer when I had finally gotten my father's permission to do so. The evening papers carried the news that the Police in Boston had gone on strike and volunteers were needed for police work. A number of us decided to volunteer and did so the next morning. We were told we would have no insignia, no arms or clubs, and that our job was to mingle with the crowd - we were assigned areas - and report by telephone of any illegal activities we saw. I was assigned to the Scolley Square area where my first afternoon I was standing in a tremendous crowd outside the Old Howard Theatre, a disreputable burlesque house, when a man standing next to me, a really big man, pulled out a paper and called out loudly, "I see some of those Harvard students are going to be policemen." Then he looked down at me and added, "I'd like to see one of those s.o.bs." While my knees were knocking together with real fear, I managed to look him in the eye and say, "I'd sure like to find one, too." Two days later, after the National Guard had been called, I was in the center of Scolley Square with five or six other volunteers. We were trying to hold the crowd back from around four uniformed men who were caught in the center of the Square by the tremendous crowd. People on the roof were pulling down chimneys and throwing the bricks at the entrapped men. George Batchelder and Tack Hardwick were two of these. Suddenly I looked up and a saw a line of mounted National Guard swing out of Tremont Street and realized they were going to fire into the crowd. I yelled, "Get down! get down!" to the group we were holding for, and we just sat down as the volley was fired. I never saw a crowd of people disappear more quickly. However, there were eleven people lying on the ground; several of them obviously were dead. Boston was a strange place for those few days, with looting and vandalism running unchecked. The irony of the whole affair was that Governor

Coolidge was given national coverage for calling out the National Guard. Actually Coolidge stalled and hesitated. If the Police Commissioner, Curtis, had not pushed, nothing would have been done. Coolidge got credit for Curtis' good judgment and courage.

When spring of 1923 came around I found myself facing Divisional Examinations, a new testing area, with more than enough course credits to graduate, but no preparation for the Divisionals which covered the four year course. I flunked then, and also the following February, much to my parents' disappointment, I am sure, but I really didn't care.

My father sent me down to New Bedford where I started as a learner in the Wamsutta Mills, going through all the manufacturing processes of a cotton mill. At the end of about a year, I was transferred to Greenville, S.C. where I went for further training in the Victor Monaghan Mills. Greenville was a great little town and I was made welcome because of my father's many friends and business associates who lived there. While there I used to motor up to Spartanburg on Saturday afternoons to take flying lessons from a friend who had been an aviator in World War I. We were out at the field when Charles Lindbergh came out to see his plane as he had a rest day there on his swing around the country. I was standing with Bob Cates and Elliott Springs when Lindbergh took off. Both Bob and Elliott had been aces, but I remember Elliott saying to Bob after he had watched Lindbergh stunt the Spirit of St. Louis, "God, Bob, if we could have flown like he does, we would have murdered those Germans."

After about ten months I was again transferred, this time to my father's firm, Ridley Watts & Co., where I became a salesman and because of my experience, a trouble shooter when complaints arose. I liked the work, I liked the people I met, but I never liked working for my father. I had the feeling that I was being favored and that I didn't like.

It was at this point my father had me take on the job of chairman of the drive to raise funds for the Boy Scouts in the Textile business. I set up a committee of young men I knew. We called on the heads of all the houses in the textile industry who were in a

six block area around Worth Street and we raised five times as much as my father had done with his committee the year before.

Then in 1928 I got married to Mary Stuart Cottrell whom I had seen around Watch Hill in the summers, but whom I never really knew until I met her at a weekend party in Orange, N.J. Mary Stuart's father had died before she was born and her mother, Agnes Clark, had lived in Westerly all her married life. The Cottrells were English and had established the first color printing press plant in this country. The C.B. Cottrell & Sons Company is still the Tiffany of the graphic arts business although now owned by the Harris Siebolt Company. The Clarks all came from Ayer, Scotland where Mary's mother was born. Agnes Clark was a "grande dame" with a keen mind and a dislike of all sham. Her sister Mollie still talked with a thick burr and was full of fun. Her brother, Robert Clark, had charge of the American Thread Company plant in Willimantic and was responsible for many of the patents used in their manufacture of thread.

We lived in New York for about three years and then moved out to Short Hills, N.J. where Mary's brother Donald lived. Short Hills was a small community, made up of commuters to New York and was unspoiled by developments in 1930. We lived the usual life of a suburban commuter although everyone we knew was poor because the depression was on. However, bath tub gin and youth helped us through those difficult times.

In 1930 Ridley Watts & Company was merged with J. P. Stevens & Co. and I decided to leave the textile business and take up an offer a friend made me in Wall Street. My friend was a partner in Curtis & Sanger, an old and respected Boston firm. I made the mistake of not asking for a copy of their statement before burning my bridges in the textile business where Bob Stevens had offered me an excellent job. The C. & S. statement did not smell right, so I sought advice and was told the firm was practically insolvent. I had to tell my friend, Duncan Thayer, what I had discovered and turned down his offer of a partnership. I am glad to say that Dunc and I continued to be friends until he died years later.

After much searching I decided to try to get a job with Carlisle Mellick, an odd-lot house, in the hope I could work for them as an

odd-lot broker eventually. I worked as a clerk on the floor of the N.Y. Stock Exchange for a year and then arranged to buy a seat on the Exchange and work for Carlisle. After much difficulty, I borrowed $200,000, part from my family and part from a friend of mine. I bought a seat for $169,000 and was a broker for five and a half years. It was a miserable experience all around. I was competing with men who had ten to fifteen years of experience over me, the business in the 1930's fell apart and the price of seats went down steadily. I hated the floor because there was no way to learn anything and I finally decided to go back to the textile business where at least I had some basic experience. After trying to get placed with no success, I was just about to take anything I could get when I met Arthur Pinkham and Henry C. Taylor who were the two partners in Taylor, Clapp & Beall, a commission house who handled the sale of the Londsale Mills of Providence, R.I. and the Utica & Mohawk Cotton Mills of Utica, N.Y. Henry and Arthur both wanted to take time off and needed a third partner so that they insisted I come in with them as a partner immediately. This was a most fortunate opportunity for me because I knew the merchandising end and ended up with two fine partners who treated me most generously and kindly. I had a happy time at Taylor Clapp from 1937 until 1942 and was able to start paying off the debt I owed on the Exchange seat which I had sold for $22,000.

My outside interest in this period was the Boy Scouts and after being elected a member of the Board of the Manhattan Council for several years I was elected President in 1939. This was exciting because we not only had the year round program but also sent 10,000 boys to summer camp at the Ten Mile River Camp in upper New York State.

When the Pearl Harbor incident threw the country into war, I was torn between a desire to join the Navy and the responsibilities I had to my wife and two sons and my business partners. I was 41 years old and thought I was too old for the draft, so imagine my surprise when I found myself classified 1A. This solved my problem and I immediately volunteered for the Navy and within two months was commissioned a Lieutenant and ordered to Philadelphia where I thought I was to pick up an S.C. or a P.C. for patrol duty off the

Atlantic seaboard. My two brothers, Jack and Philip, were already in the Navy and my brother Erwin had been in the American Field Service since the fall of France in 1940. I arrived in Philadelphia to find I was in the Supply Corps and was not a line officer. I was immediately given duties in connection with the ship building program at the Yard. It was fascinating work as we were building the battleship NEW JERSEY, two cruisers, the small aircraft carrier ANTIETAM, as well as a large number of landing craft. In addition we did a big job on overhauling submarines and testing new equipment such as neoprene in the submarines and radar on the destroyer escorts. When I arrived at the Navy Yard there were only about twelve to fifteen officers in the Supply Department, but within a year there were three hundred. I became one of the fixtures at the Yard because of my age, and as I look back on 1942, '43 and '44 I am sure I contributed more where I was than I ever would have if I had gone to sea.

In 1944, I came back from a short trip at sea on a test run and because I had a bad cough I went to see a doctor I had been in contact with in Philadelphia. He called me back the next day and told me I had tuberculosis and had a hole in my lung as big as a 50¢ piece. I turned myself in and was sent to the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia where I stayed for two months before finally being released "to take treatment at home at my own expense". I was finally retired in late 1945, but I was in bed for almost a year.

While I was still in bed at home my partners sold Taylor Clapp & Beall to J. P. Stevens & Co., so that I was out of a job in addition to everything else. Fortunately I had some good contacts in the textile business and in early 1946 I went to work for Montgomery Textiles, a selling organization for Spartan Mills, a large group of mills owned by Walter Montgomery and located around Spartanburg, S. C. I started with Spartan Mills on a part-time basis in 1946 and was with them until 1959. During those years, my family and I lived in Short Hills and I commuted to New York each day. I also took perodic trips to the mills and also to our branch offices. Soon after I had gotten settled Jack Stockton, who was the head of the selling office, had a disagreement with Walter Montgomery, and I ended up in charge of the

entire merchandising operation. This was a difficult situation since Montgomery was an opinionated and unpredictable person and the only reason we got along was that he only came to New York about six times a year and I just took over and ran the business the way I felt was best.

During these years I went on the Board of Directors of Overlook Hospital in Summit, N.J. and found myself embroiled in a community fight. Jack Montgomery and I had to reorganize the whole hospital, as there was no Director or Directress of Nursing when he and I were elected President and Vice President of the hospital. For five months, he or I was in the hospital seven days a week after getting home from work and we had to make all decisions. It was a hairy period. Once we got our organization worked out we had to raise two and a half million dollars and I took on that job also. It was tough going, but at the end of 8 years we had the basis of a good hospital. In addition, I went on the Board of Beekman Downtown Hospital in New York and soon ended up as Chairman of the Operating Committee which really meant I had the responsibility of the entire operation of all hospital services. These problems were different from those at Overlook, but they were just as pressing and took up a great deal of my spare time. In addition, I was persuaded to go on the Board of The Lighthouse (N.Y. Association for the Blind) and became President in 1956.

One other situation should be mentioned here. During the War I had seen a lot of Bill Elliott, another Lt. at the Philadelphia Navy Yard and we became great friends. On night duty which we often shared we talked about our plans for the future. He said he hoped to be able to get control of a rundown life insurance company and if he did so he would need some partners. Because of my high regard for Elliott personally and also for his ability, I said I would like to go along. Eventually, Elliott worked all this out and I became a stockholder in Philadelphia Life Insurance Company. It turned out to be a very profitable venture and I served as Director of Philadelphia Life from 1950 up to the present.

In 1959 I had a serious run-in with Montgomery and resigned as Executive Vice President of Spartan Mills. I thought I was lucky to be "retired" early, but soon found it was not all it was cracked up

to be. Asked by Tom Bancroft, an old friend of mine, to go on the Board of Mt. Vernon Mills, I did, and remained a member until 1973 when I retired as required by law.

In the fall of 1960 I was called by Dr. George Packer Berry, Dean of the Harvard Medical School and asked to come see him. I was told that the Medical School had plans to raise 58 million dollars and that they would like to have me head up the whole drive. I was interviewed by President Nathan Pusey and after disregarding the advice of several New York professional fund risers who said the job couldn't be done, I accepted.

Then began five of the most rewarding years of my life. I spent several months at Harvard Medical School being taught and guided by Dr. Berry in the needs of medical education, meeting the professors both at the Medical School and also at the various associated hospitals. Then began the job of setting up committees in the major cities around the United States, getting chairmen who would work and helping them select committee members. In addition, I started making a few calls on foundations in the New York area and getting together a list of prospects in each area. It sounds boring, but it was truly exciting because I was meeting as fine a group of men as anyone would want to meet. They were the leaders in their community, and while some worked harder than others, I never received a turn-down when asking for help. I travelled around the country whenever it became necessary, attended all meetings when asked to do so and soon found myself working ten to fifteen hours a day seven days a week.

There were discouraging times and exciting times. There were periods of frustration, but also many hours of happiness and satisfaction each month so that the job was finished in June 1965 with a feeling of great satisfaction when we passed our goal. Harvard University gave me an honorary degree, much to the amusement of some of my friends who said that it had taken me 42 years to get what they had gotten in 1923. However, the LL.D. with which I was presented carried the comments which meant much to me: "Ridley Watts, Doctor of Laws. The long-time concern for medicine and health of this public-spirited alumnus has brought new strength to a grateful University." In addition, Dean Berry saw to it that a Professorship in Preventive

Medicine was established in my name at the Medical School and completely endowed. Naturally I was flattered by the honors, but I really think that my greatest satisfaction came from the friendships I established during those hectic, exciting, stimulating five years.

I then took on some work for Jimmy Yen and his Institute for Rural Reconstruction. Mary and I took a trip to the Far East in 1966 to see the work being done in the Phillipines and elsewhere, but my main contribution was getting some able and strong men for his Board of Directors. This lasted about three years and then I began to have health problems, so Mary and I started spending more and more time in Stonington, Conn. where we have a place which we love. Gradually, all business and other connections have been dropped and two elderly people are enjoying the fruits of their labors with their family and a few good friends.

Children of Ridley and Mary Stuart (Cottrell) Watts, both born in New York City:

i. Ridley Watts, III born 19 December 1928; married 8 August 1953 at Westhampton, Long Island,Mabel Rose Crowther, daughter of Herbert Crowther. There are eight children: 1) Barbara Ann born 24 October 1954; 2) Ridley IV born 25 March 1956; 3) Mary Stuart born 17 November 1957; 4) Kathryn Cottrell born 25 November 1959; 5) Patricia born 25 December 1960; 6) Elizabeth born 13 April 1962; 7) John Christopher born 1 January 1970; 8) Philip born 9 August 1971.

ii. David Watts born 24 January 1932; married 18 April 1959 Susan Armstrong daughter of Thomas N. Armstrong. There are three children: 1) Jennifer born 22 January 1963; 2) Mary Saunders born 18 September 1964; 3) David Cottrell born 12 June 1973.

ERWIN HOY WATTS (1903 - 1964)

Erwin[8] Hoy Watts (Ridley[7], William[6], Robert[5,4,3], John[2], Robert[1])

Erwin Hoy Watts, second son of Ridley and Gertrude Van Epps (Hoy) Watts, was born in Morristown, N.J. on 3 October 1903; died in New York City 9 April 1964. He married first, in 1927 Alice Wheelock; divorced 1938. Mrs. Watts died in 1953. He married second, Elizabeth S. Peet, but the marriage was annulled. He married third, in May 1960 in St. Vincent Ferrer Church, New York City, Princess Anita (Lihme) Lobkowicz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bai Lihme of New York, widow of Prince Edward Joseph de Lobkowicz.

Erwin Hoy Watts was born in the family home at 14 Franklin Place, Morristown, N.J. and attended Miss Sutphen's School until 1917 when he was admitted to St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H., where his older brother had preceded him. At St. Paul's Watts was an enthusiastic athlete. A hockey accident resulted in the loss of an eye, but he played hockey during his senior year at the school. He was rated as one of the best oarsmen St. Paul's had. The loss of his eye was one of the reasons he decided not to go on to college.

Following his graduation from St. Paul's, Erwin Watts joined the Chemical Bank and Trust Company's foreign office in London and later returned to the United States where he was with the Globe Indemnity Company until 1939, when he joined the American Field Service as an ambulance driver. While rescuing a baby whom he saved from a building under bombardment, he suffered back injuries when he was struck by a collapsing wall. For his services with the American Field Service the French government awarded him the Croix de Guerre with palm and the Legion of Merit. Later in World War II he served with the Office of Strategic Services in Washington and Africa. After the war he joined the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration and aided displaced persons in Greece.

Returning to the United States after the fall of France in 1940 aboard the American Export liner EXOCHORDA, Erwin Watts met Princess Anita Lobkowitz whom he had known at Watch Hill, R. I. when they were teenagers. The Princess became Watts' third wife in 1960.

Mr. Watts was a member of the Knickerbocker Club and the River

Club in New York City.

Children of Erwin Hoy and Alice (Wheelock) Watts:

i. Kay Watts who married first, Hans Unander-Scharin. There are two children: Kitty and Sandra Unander-Scharin. She married second, Michael Chiapetta.

ii. Erwin H. Watts, Jr.

Compiled from information contributed by St. Paul's School, clippings from the NEW YORK TIMES, and Erwin Hoy Watts' brothers.

JOHN WATTS (1905-)

John[8] Watts (Ridley[7], William[6], Robert[5,4,3], John[2], Robert[1])

John Watts, son of Ridley and Gertrude Van Epps (Hoy) Watts, was born in Morristown, N.J. on 28 August 1905. He married Mari Boies in Scranton, Pa. on 25 March 1933.

John Watts' early years were spent in the family home on Franklin Street, Morristown, N.J. where he and his three brothers attended Miss Sutphen's School until they were about 13 years old. From 1918 to 1924 John was at St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H., where his two older brothers had preceded him. From 1924 to 1928 he studied at Harvard University where he received his A.B. in English literature, followed by a year at Trinity College, Cambridge University. In his senior year at Harvard he was captain and stroke of the crew.

Returning to the United States in 1929, John Watts entered J. P. Morgan & Co. where he remained until 1941. During this time he was one of six civilians in June 1940 who collaborated with the U.S. Army to organize the Business and Professional Mens Training Camp at Plattsburg, N.Y. The three week training period developed in the program was to help publicize the Burke-Wadsworth bill then before Congress, which provided for compulsory military training. This bill was passed.

From 1942 to 1945 John Watts served in the U.S. Navy. At the end of the war, he was a Commander on the staff of Adm. Arthur W. Radford aboard C V YORKTOWN, as Flag Secretary and Top Watch Officer. The post-war years from 1949 to 1954 were spent in London and traveling extensively in Europe, the Middle East and North Africa as the European Representative of The Bank of The Manhattan Company. In 1955 The Bank of Manhattan merged with Chase National Bank. Shortly thereafter John Watts was appointed head of the new African Division in Chase Manhattan Bank. He made over twenty trips to all parts of Africa during this period, setting up branch banks in Johannesburg, Capetown and Durban, South Africa; also at Lagos in Nigeria and Monrovia in Liberia.

The next three years, from 1960 to 1963 John Watts served as the overall head of four divisions in the International Department of Chase Manhattan Bank, covering Scandinavia, all of Europe and Africa. In 1963 he returned to London as Senior European Representative, to coordinate the work of Chase Manhattan's three large branches in London, Paris and

Frankfort.

In 1966 Watts retired from the bank while in London. On his way home to the United States he travelled through Europe, the Far East and Australia. He returned to New Jersey where he now lives in Oldwick and summers in Islesboro, Maine.

Children of John and Mari (Boies) Watts:

i. John[9] Watts, Jr., born February 1934; died March 1934

ii. David[9] Boies Watts born May 1935; married Phyllis Williamson. There are three children: Jeffrey[10] born May 1962; Cynthia[10] born June 1963 and Taylor[10] born May 1965.

iii. Mai[9] Watts born April 1937; married John A. Gulvin in London on 15 June 1974.

iv. Elizabeth[9] Boies Watts born September 1939; married William A. Bromley-Davenport in Oldwick, N.J. in Dec. 1962. There are two children: Nicholas born June 1964 and Liberty born December 1970.

[Prepared from data supplied by John[8] Watts of Oldwick, N.J. 1974]

PHILIP HOWELL WATTS (1908 -)

Philip[8] Howell Watts (Ridley[7], William[6], Robert[5,4,3], John[2], Robert[1])

Philip Howell Watts, son of Ridley and Gertrude (Hoy) Watts, was born in Morristown, N.J. on 4 October 1908. He married at Southampton, Long Island, N.Y. on 24 September 1932, Mildred Lee, daughter of James Parrish and Clara Lothrop (Lincoln) Lee, born in New York City on 28 October 1909.

Philip Watts was born in the family home at 14 Franklin Place, Morristown, N.J., the fourth son of his parents. He received his early education in Morristown and then, as had his brothers, he attended St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H., from 1922 to 1927. He received his A.B. degree from Harvard University in 1931.

Following graduation from Harvard, Philip began a notable career in business in the investment field. This led him into government and other special positions, but he has also had time for extracurricular activities in church, school, charitable and political fields. From 1931 to 1941 he was connected first with G.M.P. Murphy & Co. and G.H. Walker & Co. in New York City, investment bankers, where he became a general partner in the latter. From September 1941 to September 1942 he served in Washington, D. C. as Deputy Director of The Regional Division and Liaison Officer with the Department of State of the Coordinator of Inter American Affairs, where he was a member of the CIAA Council, of which Nelson A. Rockefeller was Chairman.

During World War II Philip Watts served from September 1942 to August 1944 with the Navy Department in Washington as Secretary, War Plans Division, under Admiral C. M. Cooke, Jr., Headquarters Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Fleet. From August 1944 to August 1945, aboard the U.S.S. APPALACHIAN AGC-1 in the Pacific Ocean Area, he served under Admiral Richard L. Conolly as Aide and Flag Lieutenant to Commander, Amphibious Group III of the Pacific Fleet during combat at Leyte, Lingayen and Okinawa, and the occupation of Japan. Prior to his honorable discharge in 1946 as Lieutenant Commander, USNR, he served the Navy Department during the dissolution of the Headquarters Commander-in-Chief.

His war service ended, Watts returned to the business world where from 1946 to 1950 he was Vice President and Treasurer of the Foreign

Service Educational Foundation at Washington, D.C. It was during this period that he assisted then Congressman Christian A. Herter to establish, finance and run the School of Advanced International Studies which is now a graduate school of The Johns Hopkins University. It was also he who arranged and accompanied Representative Herter and seventeen Congressmen to Europe to study economic conditions in Western Europe in connection with the Marshall Plan, August to October 1947, and who, while Secretary and member of the Policy Planning Staff, arranged and accompanied, as State Department Advisor to Vice President Nixon, Mr. Nixon's 1953 visit to twenty-one countries, covering 45,000 miles in seventy days around the world.

By 1955 Philip Watts had joined the investment banking house of Alex. Brown & Sons in Washington, D.C. where he serves as resident general partner. He is also a former director of United-Greenfield Corp., Northbrook, Ill. (1965-1968) which is now a division of T.R.W., Inc.

Among Philip Watts' extracurricular activities are the following: former member, Standing Committee, St. Paul's School; former member, Board of Directors, United Givers Fund (1960-1967); Senior Warden, St. John's Church, Washington, D.C. (1969-1972); also in Washington, member, Board of Directors, Children's Hospital; trustee of Federal City Council, member of Washington Institute of Foreign Affairs and member of the Advisory Council, School of Advanced International Studies of The Johns Hopkins University. His clubs are Alibi Club, Metropolitan Club (Governor for ten years), and the Harvard Club, all of Washington, D.C.; Chevy Chase Club; U.S. Seniors' Golf Association; The Links, New York City; Southampton Club, Southampton, N.Y. and Cork Golf Club, County Waterford, Ireland.

Children of Philip and Mildred (Lee) Watts:

i. Wendy Watts born 3 November 1937, New York City; married Daniel Haines Pierson in Washington, D.C., son of Henry and Cornelia (Blagden) Pierson. There is one child: Nina Lee Pierson.

ii. Evelyn Watts born 26 July 1941 in New York City; married in Mill Valley, Cal., William Butterworth born in Brisbane, Australia, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Butterworth. There is one child: Obadiah Gregory Butterworth

iii. Diana Watts born 2 January 1946 in Washington, D.C.; married William R. Hottell in Washington, D.C., son of W.D. and Alice Hottell; he was born in Spokane, Wash.

From information contributed by Philip H. Watts, 1974

FLORENCE VAN EPPS WATTS (1910 -)

Florence[8] Van Epps Watts (Ridley[7], William[6], Robert[5,4,3], John[2], Robert[1])

Florence Van Epps Watts, daughter of Ridley and Gertrude (Hoy) Watts, was born in Morristown, N.J., 21 August 1910; married 20 May 1933 at St. Peter's Church, Morristown, Francis O. Ayres, Jr., son of Francis O. and Vera(Quaid) Ayres, who died August 1968 in London.

Florence Watts was born in the family home at 14 Franklin Place, Morristown, N.J. As did her brothers, she attended private schools: Peck School until 1924 and Westover School at Middlebury, Conn.from 1924 to 1929. From 1930 to 1934 she studied hand bookbinding with Edith Diehl in New York City, thus beginning a career in hand crafting. Following her marriage in 1933 to Francis O. Ayres, Jr., the family lived in New York City until 1936 when her husband left the business world to enter the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Mass. For several years, from 1939 to 1948, the family lived in Waterbury, Conn. where Francis Ayres was first an assistant at St. John's Episcopal Church and then its Rector.

In 1948, with four children, the family removed to Brighton, Michigan where Francis Ayres founded the Parishfield Community of which he was the Director until its termination in 1967. While living there, Florence attended the University of Michigan College of Art and Architecture, 1961-1965. In 1967 the family moved to Boston where until his death in 1968 Francis Ayres was Episcopal Chaplain at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Florence (Watts) Ayres has remained in Boston where she enjoys her home pottery studio and presently works in the Ceramics Department at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts.

Children of Francis O. Jr. and Florence Van Epps (Watts) Ayres:

i. Margaret Watts (Ayres) Sanderson born 24 May 1935
ii. Francis O. Ayres III born 19 August 1938
iii. Susan Quaid (Ayres) Weyburn born 25 September 1944
iv. Christopher Farnum Ayres born 28 November 1946

From information contributed by Mrs. Francis O. Ayres, Jr. 1974

M A T T H E W R I D L E Y

1746 - 1789

MATTHEW RIDLEY
1746 - 1789

MATTHEW RIDLEY (1746 - 1789)

Matthew[1] Ridley (John[-1], prob. Matthew[-2], George[-3], etc.

Matthew Ridley, son of John and Frances (Sherborne) Ridley, was baptized 2 December 1746 at Whitechapel, Middlesex, England; died at Baltimore, Maryland on 13 November 1789 and was interred the next day in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Churchyard, Baltimore. He married first, on 16 April 1776 at the Church of St. Botolph Aldgate, London, Ann (Nancy) Richardson of St. Dunstan Parish, Stepney, daughter of Joseph Richardson and his first wife Mary (Lux) Richardson. Nancy was born about 1754 and was 22 years of age at the time of the marriage. She died 21 January 1784 at Auteuil, near Paris, in the house of Count Rohalt and was interred in the Swedish Protestant burying ground with her young son, Lucius Lloyd Ridley. Matthew Ridley married second, on 14 April 1787 at Liberty Hall, Elizabethtown, New Jersey, Catherine Wilhelmina Livingston, a daughter of William Livingston, Governor of New Jersey and his wife Susannah (French) Livingston, born 16 September 1751. Catherine married second, on 3 November 1796 at the home of her uncle, His Excellency John Jay in New York City, her cousin John Livingston of "Oak Hill," The Manor of Livingston, N.Y., where she died 8 December 1813.

Among the Ridley family papers is a well-preserved account book which probably belonged to John Ridley (1705-1749), father of Matthew. John Ridley was a brewer, candy maker and salt renderer with an extensive property called "Salterns." He died intestate at Whitechapel, Middlesex, at the age of 45, leaving his widow Frances and three young sons, all baptized at St. Mary, Whitechapel Road, London: John Ridley 20 April 1744; Matthew Ridley 2 December 1746; Robert Ridley 2 October 1748. Mrs. Ridley's second husband was William Huttson, a merchant of Whitechapel. The three Ridley boys grew up in the Huttson home in London, but quite close contacts were maintained with their mother's family, possibly because of the continuing litigation over her father's estate. (See Essex Sherborne)

Matthew's education was excellent as evidenced by his success in business, international politics and society. His handwriting was exquisite, small, clear and flowing. A mathematics work book of perfect calculations and beautifully executed figures is signed, "Matthew Ridley finished 14th March 1761, taught by Thomas Wilkes at Mrs. Yeoman's near the Abby Church in Shrewsbury, Shropshire." He was fifteen years old at this time and there is no record that he went on to study at the university.

Matthew's mother and stepfather lived in The Minories, a street near the Tower of London. His childhood, therefore, was spent close to the busy docks of London, to which came ships from all over the world with their varied cargoes. This must have had some influence on Matthew. His notebook dated 1769 contains succinct shorthand and handwritten notes he made about court cases, proceedings and their outcome. Most of the notes seem to be concerned with litigation between shipping interests and the Crown, having to do specifically with taxes and violated maritime laws.

Before 1771 Ridley had sailed for the American colonies and was establishing in Maryland his own import and export business with an older man, Mark Pringle, at Baltimore, the partnership known as Pringle and Ridley. The partnership and the business were highly successful until Matthew's death in 1789.

From 1771 to 1776 there were several trips back and forth between Baltimore and London for Matthew in the interests of Pringle and Ridley. During those five years he purchased land in Maryland in the city and in Carroll and Harford counties. His reputation was established during that early period as a man of honesty and expertise and his name was soon found among the leaders in business and government in Maryland. He was one of the wealthy merchants in Baltimore who paid £5000 each into a fund to purchase all the salt arriving in the port in order to circumvent speculators in that necessity who had pushed the price to £50 per bushel.

In May 1772 Matthew was staying at 11 Savage Gardens, Tower Hill, London, having arrived at Portsmouth in March after a stormy voyage. He had begun seriously to court Nancy Richardson. A letter addressed to him carried this post script: "Mrs Johnson has ~~begged~~ (sic) made me open this letter to beg you will have your hair rolled tomorrow to just as you please, for be assured in pleasing yourself, you please me. Nancy" Their correspondence was voluminous whether Matthew was in America or England, but contains no hint of Matthew's business activities. When a small matter of hearsay about his business reached Nancy several years later and she taxed him with it, his reply to her was,

> "I could never conceive it necessary for a wife to read every letter sent on business. Indeed, I know you

never looked for it...there is no woman on earth has so much of my confidence as yourself."

Nancy was about sixteen or seventeen years old when the courtship began, probably before Matthew went to Maryland. It did not progress smoothly. Daniel Bowly, one of Matthew's close personal friends in London and to whom he entrusted notes to Nancy, wrote on 1 February 1775:

> "I do not wonder at her [Nancy's] seeming contradictory behaviour for she is so beset on all sides by Father, Uncle, Stepmother and The Devil knows who all, that I should rather wonder if she retains her proper senses for any length of time...I am so well assured of her affection for you that I would risk my life she wouldn't listen to the addresses of any man living but at the same time she is so afraid of her uncle and what he said has so much weight...and that totally against matrimony that to use an expressive though vulgar Term, she is Quite Bothered."

By February of 1776 Matthew Ridley had returned to London and opened a branch office of Pringle and Ridley, under the name of Matthew Ridley & Co. of London. His business was trading, among other things, in foods, salt, hogsheads, building materials, Russia linen, Russia diaper cloth, Russia drabs and sheetings. He was shipping to Barbadoes and the other islands, as were so many others, to avoid the problems of taxation. His deep interest in the colonies caused him to favor them in trade. It was not a good time to start a new office in London, for feelings were running high against the colonies and anyone with leanings towards the colonists was suspect.

The first page of the first account and letter book of Matthew Ridley and Co. of London carries this note under date of 3 September 1776:

> "There are other Balances and effects of mine in Maryland as per small pocket ledger, but as many of the amounts are unsettled I do not bring them into my Stock account, neither the sums I may owe as I put the one against the other."

Business letter to Matthew in London from business men in Baltimore show that Pringle and Ridley continued to trade with merchants in the islands, Jamaica and on the Mississippi delta as well as in Pensacola, St. George's and Granada. William Russell

probably ESSEX SHERBORNE RIDLEY

1777 -

was Ridley's agent in Baltimore during this period, where he continued land purchases and sales and also speculated in tobacco.

The last entry in the London account book was made on 3 September 1778, but numerous used pages have been cut cleanly from the volume, only the tops of writing now visible in the cropped margin.

During the two years of 1776 to 1778 in London, Matthew had continued the courtship of Nancy successfully. They were married and their son Essex had been born in 1777. They set up a fine home at 13 Stepney Causeway, London, where they entertained frequently members of both their families and friends. Those two years seem to have been happy for the young couple, although the war with the colonies was clouding Ridley's business activity. Essex was a robust and happy child who gave his parents a great deal of pleasure. In correspondence between Matthew and his mother, and later between Matthew and Nancy, Essex was referred to as "The Boy". On 21 August 1778 a stillborn baby girl was born. For some weeks Nancy was quite ill. This may have been the beginning of the symptoms of consumption which eventually took her life.

By October 1778 Matthew Ridley had left Nancy and young Essex in London and had fled to Nantes, France. Writing on 21 October 1778 to his friend Christopher Johnson, captain of the SPEEDWELL, one of the many ships in which he shipped cargo, Matthew said,

> "I have wrote you several times to prepare you for my leaving England and settling in this country...the part I have fixed upon is Nantes where I have been about a fortnight...send me consignments from any of the States ...my views are to receive consignments primary of the States with arrangements of which I shall do everything in my power to render satisfaction to those who are pleased to entrust me...The very disagreeable situation I was in in England where I was closely watched for some time past prevents me writing you anything particular on business."

More than twenty letters in the same vein to other ship captains of whose political ideas he was assured have survived. His letter book of 1778 to March 1779 contains his views of commerce and trade as he viewed them from his place in France, mentions the use of

convoys and shows that his business had begun to prosper. He had lived in Maryland long enough to be known there for his honesty and business acumen as well as his sympathy for the plight of the colonists under the Crown. He was still a loyal Englishman when he returned to London, but there he was suspected of too great sympathy for the rebel cause. Determined to do all he could for it, he chose to settle in France and his letters very clearly outline his determination to serve Maryland and the other colonies.

Matthew Ridley of Baltimore was the registered owner of the brig RANGER, Capt. James Buchanan. She mounted fourteen guns and six swivels and was among the many privateers which roamed the Atlantic during the Revolutionary War, harassing British shipping while engaged in this patriotic and highly remunerative service. Many well-known and greatly respected patriots such as Robert Morris, Chancellor John Johnson, Robert and Alexander McKim engaged in this same kind of enterprise.

From London the frequent letters from Nancy carried no hint of the conflict that had separated them, only family news, good and bad. Always there were messages of love from Nancy and The Boy who longed to have Matthew at home again.

By March of 1780 Matthew, who had returned to Baltimore in the summer of 1779, and Nancy, still in London, were making some plans by letter to have her join him there. He advised her to book passage from London to New York and have their mutual friend Mr. Vanderstegen procure permission for her and The Boy to pass through the lines to join him. He advised her to bring with her all the plate, household linen and furniture possible, except feather beds, but the ticks would be necessary. He wrote to her:

> "...glass and earthenware are very scarce here. The whole might be insured from London to New York at no great expense. I would wish you to get a Friend to purchase you a neat, light, airy second hand Post Coach...glazed in the Front and if at the sides the better for Summer, though this last is of no consequency. It will most probably be to New Parish, in which case have my arms on it which you may get from Dr. Ridley's family at Poplar. He is from the same family. I think it is a bull on a Mount. If you should meet with any difficulty in this, put on

a neat Cypher."

Despite the elaborate plans and the desire of Matthew and Nancy to be together, Nancy did not go to Maryland in 1780. She was not entirely well, suffering from frequent "colds" with heavy coughing. Her husband urged her in his letters to get outdoors and exercise, but she rarely did, claiming it was always too cold or too damp. It took Nancy another two years to join Matthew, who by then, after several trips between the colonies and France, was back on the continent.

An eight page inventory has survived of all the household goods belonging to Matthew Ridley in his house at 13 Stepney Causeway which was dated 7 and 8 December 1782. Since Nancy went to Paris between 4 February and 1 April 1782 when she received a letter from her friend Sarah Heddon, it must be that she had left the sale of the house and its remaining contents to be taken care of by others. The inventory suggests it was a six storey house, two rooms deep, with kitchen on the basement floor and cellar beneath.

By the time Nancy joined Matthew he was deeply involved in trying to obtain much needed war provisions for Maryland. His own business was doing as well as could be expected with the conditions at sea making shipping hazardous.

When Matthew had returned to France from Baltimore the last time he had brought with him two sons of Robert and Mary Morris. Their parents wanted them to receive the best possible education which they felt could be obtained during the war years only at Geneva. Arriving in Paris, Matthew endeavored to have the boys admitted to Calmar in Geneva, but there was a long waiting list. He consulted Benjamin Franklin about the best procedure and Franklin recommended that the boys be placed in a pension at Chaillot to learn French while they waited. In reporting their safe arrival in France to Robert Morris, Matthew said that Franklin had "received the boys kindly." Their vacations were spent with Matthew and Nancy, who received a kindly and courteous thank-you note from Mary Morris when in the fall of 1783 the boys were safely in Calmar.

When in December 1782 Thomas Barclay was commissioned by the United States Congress to "liquidate and settle the accounts of

the servants entrusted with the expenditures of public money in Europe", Barclay appointed Matthew Ridley, Esquire a joint commissioner with himself, giving him the same power and authority, as of 1 July 1783. Ridley was already deep in negotiations as an agent for the State of Maryland. He was trying to borrow from France through the services he had enlisted of Lafayette and the Count de Vergennes.

Ridley had tried to get money from Amsterdam, offering to pay the interest in Maryland tobacco, but was refused because transportation was so uncertain. As a preamble to requests for loans he wrote on 25 December 1781 acknowledging the powerful assistance already afforded his country by the French. The letter started, "As a citizen of America, Mr. Ridley gratefully acknowledges..." When Ridley had become a citizen of America is not discovered, but it may have been many years before, since he began purchasing land in Maryland in 1771.

Finally realizing that there were too many colonial hands outstretched for loans of foreign government money, Ridley reported to Governor Thomas T. Lee of Maryland that he would try to raise the money through his personal contacts in banking circles. In this he was successful and he finally received a loan large enough, paid in Dutch money, to place orders for military supplies for Maryland: 3000 blankets, 5000 musquets and belts, 50,000 flints, 2500 soldier uniforms and cloth with findings to make clothes for 2500 soldiers, 5000 pairs of stockings, 1000 shirts, 3000 hats, 10,000 pairs of shoes, 1000 tents, 5000 cartridge boxes and belts.

The completed order was ready in May 1783, then the 248 bales lay on the docks while arguments were settled concerning duty to be paid on the exports. Ridley kept in constant correspondence with Governor Lee through all these negotiations and the final shipping and arrival of the supplies.

Life at home in Paris was not going well. Nancy was too frequently ill, the "colds" more severe and her debility increasing. On 24 September 1783 she had a son born. The family Bible entry states:

"24 September 1783 Mrs. Ridley was delivered about

7 Oclock this morning of a Son at Auteuil near Paris which son in the extremity of his illness was christened by myself Lucius Lloyd. He died the 8th Jany 1784 and was buried in the Swedish Protestant Burying Ground."

Nancy did not recover from the birth of the baby. On 27 December 1783 Matthew wrote to his mother in London that Nancy "is still living, but her lungs are affected. Son Lucius has had a cold they tell me because of his teeth - but I feel he is young for that."The baby died and his mother followed two weeks later.

On 7 December 1783 Nancy summoned sufficient strength to write a note to Matthew in which she called him "dearest best beloved of men" and thanked him for his affectionate love and care of her. She wrote that he was suited to social domestic life and she supposed he would remarry, asking that he would not forget his children were of his first wedded love. She asked him to dispose of her "few trifles" in particular ways. The letter ended with an "Adieu" and a wish that he might meet with "another who will love you as does your dying Anne."

Nancy's death and the loss of the son Lucius was a shock to Matthew of such magnitude that several months later he admitted to having been incapable of any clear thought or making decisions for at least three months, apologizing for his delinquent correspondence. His son Essex was returned to England where he was placed in a good school in London run by Mr. Cockburn and Mr. Hewlett at Newington Green. Matthew picked up the reins of his business and returned to his normal social life in Nantes and Paris.

On one of his trans Atlantic trips in 1782 Ridley had been aboard a ship which carried Catherine Livingston of New Jersey to visit exiled relatives living abroad. Matthew wrote to a friend saying it had been a very rough voyage with most of the passengers seasick, but soon after the ship docked, "Catherine Livingston recovered her usual spritely manner."

When correspondence between Matthew Ridley and Kitty Livingston began is not readily determined, but a very lengthy letter to Matthew was received on 19 November 1784. Most of the letters between

CATHERINE WILHELMINA LIVINGSTON
(Mrs. Matthew Ridley)

(1751 - 1813)

them were not dated, but are in a fragmented diary form, having no salutation and no conclusion. They reveal the exchange of ideas and impressions of two very intelligent, aware and intellectual people. One written by Matthew after he returned to Maryland replied in part to her question of what he thought of his fellow Americans after his return from Paris:

> "Politics I have done with, were they even proper to entertain you with...[American manners] are a mixture of copied politeness and natural roughness-great reservedness with a degree of suspicion of and want of confidence even with those they must meet every day - avaricious that they may be prodigal and prodigal because they are ashamed of frugality. In dress extravagant. The Rich endeavor to soar above the poor without stile. The Poor endeavor to reach them so that in between the pride of the one and the Efforts of the other they render their families beggars. The dress of the women is beyond all bounds..."

From July to November 1784 Matthew was in London where he went to settle the estates of Nancy and her brother Capt. George Richardson who had died in November 1783 in Jamaica. Richardson left no estate in England and probably none in Jamaica where he was a merchant ridden by debts. Writing to Kitty Livingston Matthew told her he expected to embark for Baltimore to make it his home on 1 June 1785. He was delayed another few months by the estate matters, a period devoid of letters from Kitty, which he regretted. At the beginning of their correspondence Kitty had boasted of the fact she was still unmarried and had no intention of leaving her father's comfortable home for the uncertainties of another. Matthew managed to change that idea and they were married on 14 April 1787 at Liberty Hall, in Elizabethtown, N.J. On that day Jane (Ridley) Sears, Matthew's sister, died in Matthew's Baltimore home.

Matthew was still a partner with Mark Pringle in Baltimore and had homes both in the city and at his plantation in Carroll County. Kitty and Matthew seem to have divided their time between the two.

In January 1787 a partnership was formed with Thomas Peters in a maltery and brewery in the city "for as long as the parties shall live", with Matthew supplying a substantial sum to erect the buildings he helped plan for the site.

On 25 May 1788 Kitty gave birth to their first child, Susan Ann.

SUSAN ANN LIVINGSTON RIDLEY
(Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, Jr.)

1788 - 1867

Several months later, a bit homesick and wanting her parents to see the baby who was named for her grandmother Livingston, Kitty received permission from Matthew to travel to New Jersey. Governor Livingston was enthralled with the child and did not want to relinquish her. Kitty left the little girl at Liberty Hall and returned to Baltimore alone, to find that Matthew was not well.

Matthew had not been well in 1787 when Kitty had written to young Essex Ridley in school at Mount Felix:

> "Your Pappa has been an invalid ever since we came to town. Last week he was very ill. I persuaded him to submit to confinement for several days and take such medicines as were absolutely necessary...Many things in the way of business pressing him."

In another letter she had said to a friend that Matthew had worked too hard in Paris and given no thought to his health. On her return she found that he had lost weight alarmingly and was coughing badly. The doctors could do nothing for him. He had obviously contracted his first wife's consumption. He died on 13 November 1789 just six days before the birth of his second daughter on 19 November.

Kitty was left a widow with a stepson, two infant daughters and an involved intestate estate to administer after only two and a half years of marriage. The plantation's twenty-two slaves and the farm animals, in the custom of that day, were appraised together at £1715. A schedule of the property constituting Kitty's share of the estate estimated it at about £10,550. It consisted of shares in the brewery, slaves, two houses and lots on Hanover St., a house, wharf and warehouse, some property in Harford, 300 acres near Hews Mill, 500 acres of "Kentuck" land and numerous collectible bills.

Her letters to Essex Ridley, only twelve years old when his father died, show Kitty's loving concern and interest in The Boy. She carefully administered his share of his father's estate. Although he was an excellent student, he did not go on to a university. When he was 18 years old he entered into a partnership with William Clemm, a merchant from New Orleans and lived in the Baltimore area after Kitty and the little half-sisters moved north.

Children of Matthew and Ann (Richardson) Ridley:

i. Essex Sherborne Ridley born 14 January 1777, baptized 13 February 1777 at Church of St. Botolph Aldgate, London

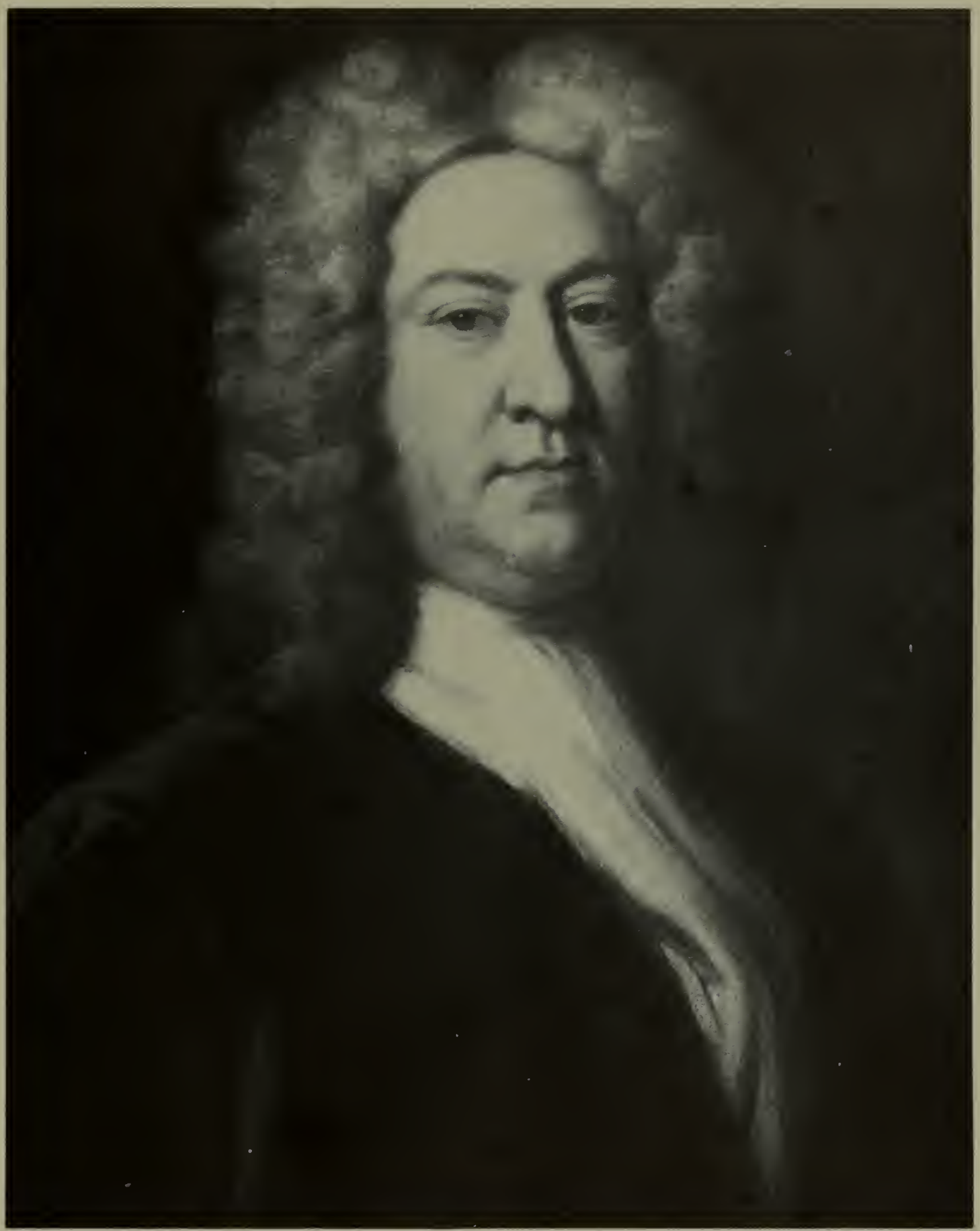
ii. A stillborn daughter 21 August 1778, London

iii. Lucius Lloyd Ridley born 24 September 1783 at Auteuil, near Paris, baptized the same day by his father, died 8 January 1784, buried in the Swedish Protestant Burying Ground, Paris.

Children of Matthew and Catherine Wilhelmina (Livingston) Ridley:

iv. Susan Ann Livingston Ridley born 25 May 1788 in Baltimore, Maryland; married 1808 Theodore Sedgwick, Jr. of Stockbridge, Mass. She died 20 January 1867 and is buried in the Sedgwick Cemetery of the Stockbridge Cemetery, with her husband who was born 9 December 1780 and died 7 November 1839.

\+ v. MATILDA FRANCES SHERBORNE RIDLEY born 19 November 1789 in Baltimore, Maryland. [See Robert Watts(1784-1850)]



WILLIAM LIVINGSTON
1723 - 1790

SUSANNAH FRENCH
(Mrs. William Livingston)

1723 - 1789

Essex Sherborne (Nicholas, Essex, William, etc.)

Essex Sherborne, son of Nicholas Sherborne, M.A., Rector of Pembridge, and his wife Mary Van Hugen Van Menheir of Stanton-on-Arrow, was born at Stanton 5 October 1698 and died of smallpox at Pembridge Court 23 October 1740. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Charles Lloyd of Mitfield, County Cardigan, who survived him.

Essex Sherborne and his young relative, James Davenant, became close friends when they were at Oxford University together in 1718 and 1719. In 1725 Davenant decided to live in Pembridge to be near his friend. In court cases that involved both men there is more than a hint of an unnatural relationship between the two. Davenant advanced money to Sherborne when the latter fell heavily into debt.

Court records further reveal the unhappy circumstances that developed after the marriage of Essex and Elizabeth (Lloyd) Sherborne. At her instigation Essex was many times arrested for debt which Davenant, and many other defendants in one suit, maintained were largely or entirely due to the extravagance of his wife who made his life a misery.

Essex Sherborne obtained a divorce from his wife in the Consistory Court of Hereford because of her adultery, claiming that Frances Sherborne was born before their marriage, Emma was begotten by a John Pateshall and Winifred by a Mr. George Blount.

When Essex was stricken with smallpox and was on his death bed, he was attended only by his supposedly illegitimate daughter Frances, who was then 19 years old, and by Davenant, his friend. Following the death of Essex, Elizabeth (Lloyd) Sherborne accused Davenant of having dishonestly appropriated her (ex) husband's property, leaving her and her family in desperate need. The suits relate mainly to the many mortgages which Essex Sherborne had taken out on his estates in order to relieve his debts, and James Davenant was the principal defendant.

Both Davenant and the family lawyer believed that Essex Sherborne had made a will which had been concealed since his death. The matter was not resolved and Essex was declared to have died inte-

state. The defendants stated that Frances (Sherborne) Ridley, as the eldest daughter, was entitled to inherit her father's properties in Herefordshire. Only in the first suit regarding the estate is this daughter called "Frances Ridley, widow."

Since Frances is referred to simply as "widow", the inference is that her first husband, John Ridley, had died without will or grant of administration, otherwise Frances would most likely have been described as "executrix" or "administratrix." Throughout the lengthy suits surrounding Essex Sherborne's estate, the papers give no further clues to John Ridley, his son-in-law, who died in 1747 in London at age 42 and was buried in Whitechapel. One of the many schedules attached to the papers contains details of all the Sherborne family papers found at Pembridge, going back to 1423, but there is no mention of any marriage contracts made for Frances Sherborne.

However, there are references to her second marriage when she is described as "Frances Ridley, wife of William Hutson of Whitechapel, Middlesex, victualler." In this capacity she is listed in a case as a plaintiff with her mother Elizabeth, widow of Essex Sherborne, Emma and Winifred Sherborne, infants; the principal defendant James Davenant. There is also a Bill found, by Frances and William Huttson, asking to be admitted to the suit on the grounds they had now intermarried. (Bills and Answers in the Exchequer Court, which appear under references E112/1131/206 of Hilary 23 Geo.II; E 112/1134/286 of Mich. 26 Geo.II; and E112/1133/264 of Trin. 27 Geo.II)*

Frances Sherborne had two sons by her first husband, John Ridley: John and Matthew Ridley. Both boys probably lived with their mother after her second marriage to William Hutson. [SEE Matthew Ridley (1746-1789]

*The information concerning the Sherborne connection is from correspondence from Peter Wilson Coldham, genealogist, of Surrey, England, who was consulted about the Sherborne and Ridley families in 1974.

NOTES ON THE

DEAS and IZARD FAMILIES

Copied from a notebook loaned by
Margaret Cochran
(Mrs. William E. Studdiford)
Newport, R. I.
1974

ANN IZARD
(Mrs. William Allen Deas)

1779 - 1862

Malden-on-Hudson
August 1945

For Margie-

Some one has said that we "ride in an omnibus with all our ancestors"- so lets take a look at some of them-

I shall have to fill in dates and data when I get connected up with the family archives- now in storage-

Virginia Underwood

The Deas family were Scotch -
Deas is the old Scottish way of spelling dais. It is found in "Marmion" spelled that way. David Deas' portrait was painted by Allen Ramsay, Court painter, picture now owned by the Finklee (Linklee?) family in Phila. His son John, one of the numerous family, came to Carolina in the 18th century. John married Elizabeth Allen. Both their portraits by? Peale are owned by the Finklers in Phila. They had nine sons & one daughter- Story is that after her husband died his wife Elizabeth Allen Deas wore a mourning ring & engraved inside was "no more disappointed"- Their son Wm Allen Deas was our great grandfather - Rich men in the South sent their sons back to England to be educated. Wm Allen Deas studied law at the Temple in London - Upon his return to South Carolina he was for a time private secretary to Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, a most distinguished citizen of S. Carolina, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Wm Allen Deas then was elected to the South Carolina Assembly - In 1798 he married Anne Izard, 18 years old, who was one of the youngest children of Ralph Izard & Allice De Lancey. Wm. Allen Deas fought a duel with Dr. English & killed him. He also was killed in a carriage accident near Phila in 1828. His widow and children then lived with her mother, Mrs. Ralph Izard, in Philadelphia until the latter died in 1832 at the age of 87. The Izards had kept a house there since the time when the U.S. Government was situated in Phila.

Wm Allen Deas & Anne Izard had eight children. Only three left descendants: Charlotte who married Robert Watts in Saugerties in 1836; Fitz

Allen who married Lavinia Randolph of "Norwood", James River, Va.; and George, who married Elizabeth Garland, daughter of General John Garland of Lynchburg, Va. in 1845 at Jefferson Barracks; Charles a talented painter died unmarried; and Edward lost from a gunboat in the Navy on the Rio Grande during the Mexican War, also unmarried.

The children of Wm. Allen & Anne Izard Deas lived with their grandmother Izard and all were noted for beautiful manners. According to our Bible records Robert and Charlotte Deas Watts had children Robert, William, Alice, Naomie and Matilda. Fitz Allen Deas & Lavinia had children Lavinia (Cousin Binnie), Mary Carter (Later Mrs. Archer) & Dr. Willie Deas who was in China 16 years & married Lucy Pegrau of Va.-left no children. George and Elizabeth Garland Deas had children Ralph Izard b. 1854, Virginia Garland b. 1850, George b. 1852, Harrey b. 1854 & Charlotte b. 1858 who died in the South during the Civil War. The Deas family were social, "good lines".

My mother, Virginia G. D. Underwood has told me the following:

Her father, Col. George Deas was 23 years in the U.S. Army and resigned with his brother-in-law Gen. Longstreet and Gen. Lee & many more only because he was of Southern ancestry. This was in 1861. Before that he and his family living in Troy, N.Y. where he was stationed, spent much time at his sister's house at 42 East 12th St., N.Y. City. His sister, Charlotte (Mrs. Robert Watts) had with her, her mother, Mrs. Anne Izard Deas, then in her eighties. All the young grandchildren of the latter visited her in her room after breakfast. There she had a very small trunk filled with the De Lancey & Izard letters & diplomatic correspondence of Ralph Izard when he was commissioned in Europe to obtain money to build ships for the colonies during the American Revolution. This trunk she gave to her only living son, Col. Deas when he left for the South in 1861. Unfortunately the trunk was lost when they were bombarded in Petersberg, Va. She also gave him the family Bible with all her records. This I have.

She was painted by Gilbert Stuart when 16 years old. This painting & one of her Mother Mrs. Izard by Gainsborough & one of her grandmother Mrs. Peter De Lancey by Mathew Pratt hung in a row in the drawing room at 42 East 12th St. and were spoken of as "the grand-

mothers!" The Stuart portrait is now owned by Averill Harriman. I have her miniature by Charles Fraser painted in 1818.

Mother said that her children played games in the "back parlor" until a tea tray with tea and fruit cake was brought in at 9 p.m. which was the signal for the "small fry" to go to bed.

Mrs. Fitz Allen Deas (Lavinia Randolph) bought a house in Saugerties, Ulster County, N.Y. about 1832. Her husband was in the Navy & she wanted a home where all the family could come for summers. Alice Archer Lamb has an album containing all sorts of souvenirs of that time. Alice's mother Mary Carter Deas Archer was born there. Charlotte married Robert Watts in that house, called "Chestnut Lodge". My grandmother and grandfather Deas spent part of their honeymoon there in 1845 & visited the Livingstons at Cleremont. They all attended Trinity Church which had only been established a few years. The Bible I have has some Saugerties entries.

Charles Deas was the youngest son of Wm. Allen Deas and Anne Izard, born in Phila. in 1818. Was a talented painter, his best known painting "The last shot". He was commissioned to paint Indian scenes for the rotunda in the Capitol in Washington, but died before he could undertake them. His paintings are now much sought after.

My grandfather Col. George Deas would have been Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army had he not resigned to go with the Confederacy. Charles Deas painted a miniature of my grandfather in his uniform - it was set in whole pearls. He later gave it to grandma for a wedding present. It was stolen -

The Izard family settled in the Carolinas, now South Carolina, in the 17th century. They were the wealthiest and most distinguished family there at that time - all married with well known families. Our great great grandfather Ralph Izard was a great grandson of Sir Nathanial Johnson, last Governor of the Lords Proprietors of "The Carolinas" & a grandson of Governor Robert Johnson, first Royal Governor. They owned vast plantations; owned ships to send their cargoes of Indigo & Cotton to Europe. Ralph Izard was an only son, his sister Mrs. Blake had no children. He maintained a house in Charlotte & a large mansion at Goose Creek, 17 miles from Charleston. He went to school in England and then to Cambridge University.

While there Benjamin West painted his portrait together with several of his friends. This painting is now owned by The Brook Club in New York. After his return he came to New York in summer & met & married Alice De Lancey in 1767, daughter of Peter De Lancey and Elizabeth Colden. She was a niece of Gov. De Lancey.

The De Lancey family were politically the most powerful in New York. The New York house was built by her grandfather Stephen (Etienne) De Lancey, later known as Fraunces Tavern, where Washington said farewell to his generals-it is now a museum and restaurant & owned by the Sons of the Revolution.

The Izards had sixteen children (no twins!) - many died. They went to England and had a home in London. While there he was asked to be a commissioner. They left their children in England and travelled by driving in their carriage or coach to Rome. En route, at Lyons, they met Copley, then a young painter, going to Rome to study & he was invited to drive with them. In Rome, Copley painted his first group picture - in those days called a conversation piece. Izard was to pay $1,000 for the painting, but on account of the British blockade of commerce, he could not get his ships over, which suddenly reduced his income & he was unwilling to accept the painting until he could pay for it. Two generations later his grandson Charles Manigault was in London, looked up Copley's widow & the canvas was found rolled up in his attic. He bought it & brought it to Charleston. His son Gabriel Manigault inherited it. As he had no direct heirs it was sold to the Boston Museum of Art and hangs in the Copley room. After leaving Rome Izard had a house in Paris & collaborated with B. Franklin and Arthur Lee for financial aid from France for the American Revolution. Their next to the youngest child, Anne Izard, our great grandmother, was born in Paris in 1778.

Izard returned to enter the American Army & Mrs. Izard & her children remained in Paris until 1783. Izard was a member of the Continental Congress & was first Senator from South Carolina. He was chairman of Washington's first inaugural and died in Charleston in 1804, buried at St. James Goose Creek. As the government was established in Phila. they had a house there & after his death Mrs. Izard

spent her winters there.

Our great grandmother Anne Izard Deas was widowed in 1828 & she & her children lived with Mrs. Izard until the latter died in 1832. She then lived with Aunt Charlotte in New York - your grandmother Watts. Anne Izard Deas died in Jan. 1863. In 1861 my grandfather, Col. George Deas was her only living son except Charles Deas who was mentally ill. When he left for the South just on the eve of the Civil War she gave him a very small trunk filled with the diplomatic correspondence of Mr. Izard & also family letters. Grandma Deas had this in Petersburg, Virginia when she, Mother and her small brothers had to escape at night during the bombardment. The trunk was overlooked and never recovered.

Cadwalladar Colden married Alice Christy. They came from Scotland early in the 17th century. He has been called the first man of letters in America. He was a physician, brought over some systems of plant culture & was overseer general of land, etc.- wrote the "Six Indian Nations" - served several terms as Lt. Governor of the Province of New York. He was a Royalist. They had a manor behind Newburg now called Colden house-house still stands- one portrait of him is in the American Wing at the Metropolitan; another full length is in the N.Y. Chamber of Commerce, another painted with his young grandson Warren De Lancey is owned by De Lancey Kountze. Colden died very old in 1776.

When Gov. James De Lancey, older brother of Peter, died at his home in lower Broadway, his brother-in-law and close friend, the original John Watts, made an eloquent funeral address at Trinity Church, New York. This is mentioned in the Documentary History of New York which we own- four volumes now out of print- it also contains the Colden papers. At the New York Historical Society can be found many books giving all kinds of interesting information regarding these early New York families.

GENERAL JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER GOSSIPS

about

MEMBERS OF THE WATTS FAMILY.

General De Peyster was a grandson of John Watts and was born in and lived for a number of years at 3 Broadway. His great uncle was Robert Watts and his great aunt Lady Mary Alexander, daughter of Lord Stirling.

Besides the servants, there was in the house where I was born my dear old Grandfather, Honorable John Watts. I suppose he was what the world, in its worthless judgment, styles a stern man. To me he was ever the gentlest and the best. What should I have been without him?

He realized what has been said of St. Paul; "Defective health, united with a vitality like iron, and a will of steel."

He was seventy-three as he first lives in my memory, and just so he continues until within a few weeks of his death. He was as straight as an arrow, about five feet ten, with the springy step of an Indian. He was the handsomest old gentleman I ever saw. He had bright, dark blue eyes, like sapphires - I have no recollection of another pair of such colored eyes - and the most exquisite, silky, silver, curly or wavy hair. He could ride like a gaucho, walk like a hunter, and the Honorable Samuel Ruggles has often told me that, so concisely did he think and express himself, he could say more on a page of note paper than most men on a sheet of foolscap.

Two of his sons, Robert and Stephen, my mother's brothers, were living in the house. Besides my aunt Elizabeth, these were all that were left of a family of ten.

Robert Watts, as conceeded by every one, was the handsomest man in New York, and so I remember him. Everyone of his associates told me, when I had grown up, that Robert was as glorious in his disposition as he was in appearance.

He led a very gay life, exposed himself without a care for his health, and was bled to death by his cousin, Dr. John Watts, a perfect Sangrado, although a most eminent physician. It was the fashion of the day to phlebotomize. This bleeding converted an inflamation of the lungs into consumption, and he lingered to die on the threshold of golden

fortune. The bequests left him by his uncle John Leake, upon his death went to his father, Judge Watts, who established the Leake and Watts Orphan Home.

I was held up in my father's arms for him to smile good-by to me. My dear, kind, generous, universally-beloved uncle 'Bob' Watts!

Uncle Stephen Watts differed from Robert as much as day does from night. Uncle Robert was magnificent in his proportions. Stevie was small, but beautifully made; nevertheless, he had the courage of a lion and the will of my grandfather. That expresses all that need be said. This will was the cause of his death. He was very ill, but said he would get up and walk around the Battery in November. The famous Dr. Post answered;

'Stephen, if you do so, it will be the last walk you will ever take on earth.'

He got up, dressed himself and took the walk, came home, went to bed and died.

'Mrs. Trainque,' he said to my nurse, 'I felt the wind go through me like gimlets of ice.'

Stephen was a great sportsman. What hampers of game, of forest field and stream, I have seen him bring home! He was a great driver too; drove a Tilbury and tandem; had beautiful dogs. Barstow, his favorite setter, died of grief when his master died.

My grandfather was a wonderful rider. Strange to say neither of my two uncles, could or would, make a show on horseback.

To demonstrate Stephen's coolness; one day he went out shooting and came upon an enormous copperhead. The snake struck at him but quicker than the snake, Stephen aimed his gun and blew the snake's head off.

Robert was a great tease. He used to torment Stephen's heart out of him; but with all the difference in size, he never dared to let Stevie come to close quarters, for Stevie was a perfect tiger when his blood was up.

What an irregular house was that dear old home, 3 Broadway! Grandfather used to breakfast in every kind of style, anywhere from four A.M. to noon. I got my breakfast between 7 and 9. Robert breakfasted in his apartment somewhere - well; in the course of the day I remember he

used to drink green tea strong enough to blow the top of your head off. Stevie occupied a part of the third floor. I know he was almost as bad as Bob, but then he was less at home. He used to be off fishing and shooting for days and weeks.

Three o'clock was the nominal dinner hour, but I seldom remember more than two at the table. As for tea, that was taken promiscously as to the time and place. After tea how often Grandfather and I went to the theatre! What time Uncle Bob used to come home, nobody ever would know. We sometimes heard a cheery voice caroling or whistling in the room under the nursery. How often Mammie has taken me out of my crib and carried me down to his room to finish my sleep by his side.

The reception of Lafayette took place in 1824. Uncle Bob was a bosom friend of Sam Gouvernour, who married the daughter of President Monroe. The President lived with Sam in Houston St. and there Lafayette was a constant guest.

The top of 3 Broadway was comparatively flat with a railing around it. Southwards a sort of bridge projected to an enormous chimney next to #1 Broadway, built by my great uncle, Archibald Kennedy. From this bridge there was an unobstructed view up Broadway and down State Street. From this vantage point, I saw the procession celebrating Lafayette's arrival.

My grandfather was not a loquacious man, or else I would know a great deal more about my native city. One thing impresses me: he remembered New York when it was within Wall Street.

One thing about Captain John Watts, my mother's cousin, of the British army. He was, after the Revolution, Deputy Warden of Walmer Castle under Wellington. Captain Watts was at the capture of Washington and in the attempt on New Orleans in the war of 1812.

He described how he was awakened by the unexpected fire of the Americans, a ball going through his camp-kettle, which hung above his head.

Captain Watts had seen a good deal of service and related an anecdote of what occurred to him in Washington when his command entered the City. He said he had been hard put to it and sadly needed a change of linen. Stepping into a store he offered to exchange his dirty shirt,

which was of the finest linen and beautifully frilled, for a clean one, however coarse the material. The American agreed and the swap was made on the spot.

As Captain Watts turned to go, the American said to him;

'Look here, Mister, I have let you have a clean shirt but let me tell you if I get a chance I won't hesitate to dirty it by putting a ball through the body inside it.'

When Uncle Stevie died, I saw him in his coffin. Old grandfather, himself, led me up into the death room. So strong was the impression of that marble face, that thirty years after when I repaired the old family vault in Trinity Church Yard the lid of his coffin came off and I recognized the remains by the hair and the contour of the skull. While I stood awestruck beside my uncle, Grandfather walked up and down the room, stately as ever, murmuring; 'Poor Stevie, poor Stevie!'

There was a perfect menagerie in the yard of 3 Broadway. Deer gazed on strangers with their soft black eyes - and died suddenly. Dissection by our butcher revealed the cause was over-affection for each other in licking, since he found large balls of hair in their stomachs. Rabbits, flop-eared, burrowed under the ground and rats countermined them from the stable and ate their young. Opossums hung by their tails from the trees and sometimes got into the neighbor's houses. Peccaries flashed their tusks; dogs gnashed their teeth, sometimes in each other, and sometimes in my guilty leg, and oftener in the legs of innocent visitors.

As for birds, they were innumerable. It was pandemonium when something started a chorus! Pigeons of all kinds, spoiled the rain water for our neighbors. (The Manhattan water was scarcely drinkable, spoiled by a long passage through pipes made of logs of wood.) To afford some idea of the number of birds - there was one cage about six feet square and ten feet high filled with the most beautiful and vocal variety.

One of my most intimate friends was Peter Augustus Jay, a grandson of the Chief Justice, and a son of the famous lawyer bearing his name, who was counsel for my grandfather. He was a perfect specimen of the typical old French nobility - pure blood; handsome, well made, graceful, easy, agreable and as full of elegant wickedness as an egg

is of meat. Women, lovely women, adored him - and of every class. He was a charming fellow, not able but attractive. He died in Florence of a rare disease.

In the early summer of 1836, my dear and honored grandfather, manifested symptoms of the disease which in three months terminated fatally. His limbs became dropsical and he had to intermit his walks and horseback exercise. At times he was just as active as ever , but I noticed that he used to lie on the sofa a great deal in the day time.

There never was a man who had less eccentricity than my grandfather, but if ever a man lived who saw through men more clearly than he did, I have yet to meet him. As his death approached he remarked to me, "I want to die and yet I am not a gladiator."

I understood this to mean that suffering, affliction and his last disease had gradually weaned him from life, but he did not wish to die like a human brute, a professional Roman gladiator.

He had lost in mid-life a lovely and pious wife and he had followed to the tomb a family of as noble sons and charming daughters as ever blessed a man. He has only three grandchildren - Major General Phillip Kearny and his sister, Susan, who married the son of General Macomb, Commanding General of the Army.

He had been partly compelled by legal advice to make a will which was not satisfactory to him. I shall always believe that Peter Augustus Jay advised him from interested motives. My grandfather desired to leave his property to me for life. I was to take his name. Several trust wills had recently been broken and Mr. Jay made use of this argument to induce grandfather to admit the two Kearny children, to equal privileges with myself.

One day he said to me as he laid in bed, 'De Peyster, I must get up and go to my desk.' From corroberative circumstances my father was satisfied that he wanted to do something further for me. My father said, 'Mr. Watts, the doctors say you must not get up, that you cannot.'

'Cannot?' replied my grandfather as iron in will as my father, 'Cannot? We shall see.'

He sat up in bed, cast off the cover, through his limbs out, and by a supreme effort tried to stand erect. My father caught him as he

fell.

'De Peyster,' was his only remark, 'All is over.'

He did not die immediately, but he ceased to struggle against the inevitable with the calm dignity which never faltered until his last breath. He passed away so easily that I did not know when the end came. He expired exactly like a patriarch with his mind unclouded till the last, breathing affection so vast that it required the full development of my faculties, with years, to know how huge it was. Without a single iota of the humbug apparent in almost every man styled great, I tell you that John Watts was the noblest Roman of them all. They say no man is a hero to his intimates. He is the only man with whom I have ever been intimate, on whose life I cannot lay my finger and say in this or that he was little. If true manliness makes a man, John Watts was that man!

My grandfather left a large amount of real estate to his five surviving nephews and four great-nephews. The first were the sons of his gallant brother, Major Stephen Watts, who led the "Johnson Greens" at the battle of Oriskany; these were in the British Service: Ross, a Post Captain, John a Major, Gordon in the Civico-Military Service, one Robert in the Civil Service one, Stephen Watts, poor fellow, too deaf to hold any public position. Of the great-nephews, one was the noted anatomist, Dr. Robert Watts; one Ridley Watts, who married Sarah Grinell who was one of the most unselfish and devoted sons who ever lived and two other great-nephews, Alexander and Essex Watts who were both afflicted with the incurable 'Spanish Fever' inertia. Had their property been wisely administered it would have turned out about double what it was. Unfortunately, I suppose, the shares averaged thirty thousand, which was a fortune in those days for men who had nothing.

My grandfather was buried in the family vault in Trinity Church yard. Thither with the exception of one daughter, Mrs. Henry Laight, his entire family had proceeded him. Towards the west and near the river wall of the Yard, his elder brother, Robert Watts, who married Lady Mary Alexander, lies buried under a large slab.

I remember Lady Mary Watts very well. She was a little dignified old lady who never allowed herself to be addressed otherwise than as

Lady Mary. When I was a little boy, she lived in the old family house in Pearl Street, north side near the corner of Whitehall. She was the mother of Dr. John Watts, President of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and of Robert Watts, a brother of Dr. John Watts, who was with my grandfather when he died. He was as full of wit as it is possible for a man to be, but he was still more remarkable as one of those men, who after being a fast liver, past middle age, have the will to entirely relinquish every sort of stimulant. It is true he suffered the torments of hell with the gout. Still, how few are able, even through the lessons of suffering, to restrain the appetite.

Robert's most excellent son, Ridley Watts, although likewise a matyr to gout would not yield, but liked a social glass once in a while at his own table, even if he did have to pay for it. Ridley was one of the truest of men. He married Sarah Grinnell daughter of Henry Grinnell of Artic discovery celebrity. If there was ever a 'copperhead' it was Henry Grinnell, and Ridley, to his cost, withstood him to his face.

One day, Mr. Grinnell, unable to cope with Ridley in argument shouted out, 'You'll go to hell, sir, you'll go to hell!'

Ridley instantly replied with his accustomed calmness and wit;

'I have one strong consolation, Mr. Grinnell, which takes the whole sting out of this painful remark. This is, that if you are correct, our separation will not be long.'

It took five minutes for Mr. Grinnell to get this idea through his wool, but when he did he bounced out of the house in a perfect rage and did not return for a long while, to encounter such another thrust under the short ribs.

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